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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE year has closed for the Government upon a scene of unrelieved failure, save for the India Bill, now subject to the recoil from the shattering news of Amritsar. Hardly a single Bill of substance has been carried, or enjoys a hope of success next session. The Coal Profits Bill has been wrecked and withdrawn. The Anti-Dumping Bill is postponed and virtually a derelict. The Electricity Bill has been stripped of its main purpose; and the disgrace of Mr. George's compact with the Bottomley section has been wiped out by the House of Lords. Mr. Justice Sankey has destroyed the policy of the prohibition of imports by proclamation, and, though there is nominally an appeal, no reasonable chance exists that the decision will be reversed. The Housing Bill is waterlogged, and its direction reduced to an irreconcilable quarrel between two Ministers concerned in promoting two opposite conceptions of a housing policy. A failure at home, the Government abroad, in the Empire and out of it, is a disaster. The two bad appointments of Lord Chelmsford and of Lord French (Lord French's telegram to Belfast gives his political measure), have produced crises of unparalleled and as yet immeasurable magnitude in India and Ireland, while in Egypt the post-war policy of the Protectorate is answered by the revolt, not of parties, but of the entire people. And of the Treaty of Versailles, and its complement, the Naval Blockade, it is enough to say that Europe staggers under that double blow, and that her relief can only come through an entirely new instrument of statesmanship.

THE reign of force in Ireland goes to its appointed end. This week it has brought us back to 1882, and produced a second attempt to assassinate the King's representative. Lord French happily escaped, as did Lord Spencer, but the character of the plot is quite sufficient evidence of the fact that we cannot hold Ireland much longer on existing methods. It seems that the Viceroy was set upon by a body of about twelve men, who met his car as he was driving from Ashtown station, where he had alighted instead of going on from Roscommon to the Broadstone Terminus. The conspiracy

miscarried by an accident. The design was to overturn a farmer's cart across the track so as to hold the three cars while they were riddled with bullets. But the band were just too late, and they made the further mistake of concentrating their fire on the second car, which was empty, instead of on the first, which contained Lord French. He escaped without injury, though two policemen were wounded. On the other side one man was shot dead; all the rest escaped, doubtless aided by the people in the neighborhood. The Secret Society which engages in these operations has directed an act of mixed warning and vengeance against the "Irish Independent," a popular Nationalist paper, which had condemned the outrage. Imitating the Government's raid on the "Freeman" they half sacked the office, and did £7,000 worth of damage. This is what England has made of Ireland.

THE general discussion on foreign policy which took place on the Consolidated Fund Bill last Thursday, left us with two negations and two riddles. The Government will not promote peace with Russia, neither will it do anything "adequate" for the relief of Central Europe. These two refusals dash all early hope of amendment in the plight of two hundred millions of human beings. The two riddles are to decipher Mr. Lloyd George's intentions in regard to the proposed alliance with France, and the future of the League of Nations. The debate which led up to Mr. George's speech was mainly interrogative. Sir Donald Maclean asked questions about the alliance with France and the war in Russia, when a much more aggressive note would better have translated Liberal feeling. Mr. Clynes talked in general terms about secret diplomacy. The one concrete and helpful speech came from Lord Robert Cecil, who pointed to the danger that our policy might promote a revolution in Germany (we think ourselves a monarchist *coup* more likely though not imminent), and pleaded the need of relief for Central Europe not by doles of food but by measures which would enable Austria to feed herself. In some very candid and contemptuous references to the Peace Treaties, he justly described the laying of indemnities on Austria as "insane." He concluded with an eloquent plea for the creation of the League of Nations without delay, and complained that some members of the Government, notably Mr. Churchill, do not accept the League *ex animo*.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE opened with an irrelevant defence of secret diplomacy. The Paris Conference could not have debated everything in public. By this evasion he escaped the real point, which is that we want to be informed of the Government's actual policy at this moment. As to the conclusion of a military alliance with France, he gave no clue to the Government's intentions, for he refused to assume that America would "dishonor the signature of its great representative in Paris" to the tripartite Treaty. If we did conclude such a Treaty with France it would be "a very serious obligation" and "a new departure"; the House should have an opportunity, if anyone wished to do so, to challenge the Government's decision, before the country is

irretrievably committed. The formula is familiar. It sounds respectful to Parliament, and has the desired result of silencing any inconvenient expressions of opinion in the interval. What, we wonder, is the Labor party going to do about it? It aspires to power after the Coalition falls. Unless it is very careful it will find its hands tightly bound in the field of foreign policy, by a military alliance which it will then be unable to repudiate. It ought to speak most emphatically now.

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MR. LLOYD GEORGE touched on another aspect of the problem made for Europe by America's attitude to the League. He pointed out how difficult it would be if she came in unpledged, while the rest of us were bound by the Covenant—"one nation with its hands tied behind its back, and the other absolutely free and untrammelled." He went on—"if we meet at the League of Nations it must be a League of equal Nations." What then is the solution?—that America, if she will not take the pledges, must stay outside? Surely not, for Mr. George stresses the need of her financial help. Or does he mean that the whole Covenant must be revised, or that we should all accept Mr. Lodge's reservations so that none of us shall be bound? If this is not his meaning, it is the solution which finds great favor in Paris. The France of M. Clemenceau, the Italy of *sacro egoismo*, with Roumania and Poland, will be only too glad to be allowed to observe the Covenant when it suits them, and only then. This means the ruin of the League. It would be honester to bury it.

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On the key question of Russia, Mr. Lloyd George silently threw over the policy which he announced no more than a month ago to the City and the House. Then he proposed that the Allies were to take some active steps to promote peace this winter in Russia. He was not very explicit about the means (a conference of sorts), but he was quite definite in advising the use of our influence to hasten peace. He has dropped all that. You cannot make peace with Russia. "There is no Russia." There is "no firm and steady government" to make peace with. The people really do not know their own minds. The vast majority are "indifferent," and do not care much either for Lenin or Denikin. If the Bolsheviks would summon a National Assembly [to collect the opinions of indifferent people who have no opinions?] there might be something to make peace with. It is a "dismal prospect," of course, but we must wait till Russia "emerges" from her civil war. That is a fair and almost verbatim summary of the statement. It might be a reasonable attitude to take if it had been intended as a plea for our strict neutrality in the civil war. In point of fact, it was an argument to justify the despatch of £15,000,000 worth of munitions to Denikin and the maintenance of the blockade. Never was less logic used to defend inhumanity.

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EQUALLY callous and resourceless was Mr. George's handling of the economic problem of Central Europe. He admitted the need. Central Europe is "faced with the pinch of famine, Germany unable to lift herself and to stand erect." We are sending some coal to Vienna, and the Italians some grain. But that is "only soup-kitchen relief." The proper thing to do is "to set them on their feet and let them work their own way through." But nothing "adequate" can be done without America. We must "recover our own strength," for "the whole future of civilization throughout the world depends upon Britain recovering her strength." With this modest

view of the place in the divine order of the people which he personifies, Mr. George looked at Vienna and passed by on the other side. As we have tried to show elsewhere, much might be done even without any fresh expenditure. For one thing Austria's assets might be released by writing off the "insane" indemnity. It would cost no more to give credit for raw materials, than to give credit for the export of manufactures—our present policy. Finally, the lifting of the Russian blockade would give a fillip to the industry of all Central Europe. But the contrast is deadly. A hundred millions for devastating Russia, and nothing but soup kitchen doles for the restoration of Central Europe.

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AN interview with Denikin in the "Times" disposes meanwhile of the bare chance that peace could be made without Allied pressure between Denikin and the Bolsheviks. That "great and noble man" (to quote the "Times") declares once more that he will "never consent to any negotiations with the Bolsheviks." Meanwhile it looks as though Allied pressure had disposed of the hope of any peace between Esthonia and the Soviets. The Bolsheviks mainly wish to provide against the use of Esthonian territory in future as a base for a renewed attack by General Yudenitch on Petrograd. They, therefore, ask as a condition of peace that Esthonia shall renounce any alliance with its enemies (meaning the various "white" Russian Governments). At the same time General Niessel, the French general at the head of the Allied Mission, insists on facilities for reforming the Yudenitch levies on Esthonian soil, and incorporating in them Bermond's German mercenaries. If Esthonia agrees to the Bolshevik terms, she will, says a statement "from a British official source" in last Friday's papers, find herself involved in the Allied blockade. Was this what Mr. Harmsworth meant when he said we were putting no pressure on Esthonia?

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MR. RONALD McNEILL had no more success in this debate than he has in his earlier attempts to extract some information from the Foreign Office about Montenegro. We do not share his sympathy with the Montenegrin dynasty. One of the root facts of this whole mysterious business is that King Nicholas, who used to take subsidies both from Russia and from Austria, kept up his relations with Vienna, and went on receiving Austrian money even after the outbreak of the war. That is placed beyond a doubt by documents in the recent Red Book. Mr. McNeill is on much firmer ground when he protests against the oppression of the Montenegrin people by the Serbs, who have simply seized the country and have treated it with the same barbaric severity which they have used to Albanians and Macedonians. It is now common knowledge that they virtually imprisoned our Envoy, Count de Salis. It may be that his "confidential" report on his mission is written with undiplomatic candor. If we cannot have the whole unexpurgated text, we ought none the less to have the facts and his opinion on them. The Foreign Office in its refusal to use the arm of publicity writes itself down incompetent in the modern world. Again and again, minor allies, now the Serbs and again the Roumanians, have behaved with an insolence and a savagery which call for the penalty of public reprobation. The Foreign Office seems to have no resource for bringing them to reason. They are vain barbarians. They like to pose as polished and civilized Europeans. They would feel the lash of a public exposure. It ought to be administered. Apart from that matter the Montenegrins

have their right to "self-determination," and neither they nor any reluctant population ought to be forced under Serb rule.

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It is perhaps inevitable that the Government before it takes any action in regard to General Dyer for the Amritsar massacre, should await the report of Lord Hunter's Committee. But the lapse of time cannot diminish the horror and anger of public opinion. Nor after reading the General's own evidence can one pretend to an open mind as to his responsibility. That he will at least be dismissed the service we assume to be certain. But can a man take the lives of 400 British citizens, besides injuring 1,200 more, without paying any penalty more serious than what would be inflicted for a serious error of judgment in the field? It would be useless to demand a Court-martial in India. The opinion of the Anglo-Indian mess-rooms is probably that of the "Morning Post." To impeach, as Warren Hastings was impeached, would be to do this man too much honor. A civil trial there must be, however, and its venue must be far from the panics of the Punjab. It must take place in England. It should be remembered that General Dyer was not acting under martial law—that was proclaimed three days later. A soldier in such circumstances is answerable to the civil law. If a Bill is needed (and we do not imagine that it is), then let Parliament pass a Bill for his trial. Only by strong and dramatic action can we hope to reverse the impression which this atrocity has made in India.

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THE further evidence which is reaching this country about the disturbances last April in the Punjab goes to show that General Dyer's massacre at Amritsar was only a specially bloody incident of a repression which was everywhere ruthless and indiscriminating. Take, for example, Colonel Johnson's story of his own doings in Lahore. He marched through the city accompanied by four aeroplanes. Two flew low, and were to drop bombs at a prearranged signal a few hundred yards ahead of the column. The signal was not given, and Colonel Johnson does not say what would, in his opinion, have justified him in giving it. This is the new technique for dealing with disturbed cities, first used with marked success by the Italians against Turin. The result was at the moment to stop the bread riots, but Turin voted solidly Bolshevik at the recent elections. This method intimidates only because it threatens innocent and guilty alike, and would deal death to women and children in their homes as well as to rioters. Are we who called the Germans barbarians for using it in war now to adopt it as a police measure against our own subjects in peace? Apart from this we read of public floggings, and in one case a wedding party and a priest were flogged "for being a gathering of more than ten," though the magistrate who did this was removed.

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THE negotiations for an exchange of prisoners between Mr. O'Grady and Mr. Litvinoff have failed. It is not easy to affix the responsibility, though we have before us full statements by both negotiators. Each side declares that the other withdrew concessions made in the course of the discussions. The main difficulty concerned 225 prisoners captured by troops under British command at Archangel, who were left in the hands of the North Russian Government after our departure, but this demand was reduced to a list of 26. There is much reason in the view of Moscow that these are "our" prisoners; we took them, and the Northern Government

is our subsidized tool. We replied that it is an "independent" Government with which we cannot interfere. This was really a point of etiquette; we could get these 26 men from Archangel merely by asking for them. There was a further point (but we are not sure that it was of equal importance) regarding 1,700 Russian prisoners who escaped from Germany to Denmark and are interned there. We declined to request Denmark to let them go, but said we would provide transport if she did release them. It is hard to explain the status of these prisoners. What rule of neutrality requires Denmark to keep them long after the end of war between Germany and Russia? On such minutiae the negotiations broke down. Everyone will regret that our fellow-countrymen are detained in Russia, but it is satisfactory to have Mr. O'Grady's opinion that they are well treated.

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WE had not thought to watch a fight between the House of Lords and the House of Commons with an almost breathless hope for the victory of the Lords, but we do so to-day, and acclaim the issue in common, we imagine, with ninety-nine out of every hundred Liberals and Labor men in the three kingdoms. Clause 9 of the Aliens Bill—the George-Bottomley Clause—thrown out by the Lords, reinstated by the Commons, again rejected unanimously by the Lords, exists no longer. The Government submitted, and the Bottomleyites were badly beaten in the division. It is enough to speak of this transaction—one of the meanest ever proposed to a people by its Government—in the terms in which Lord Crewe, least emotional of men, stigmatized it, as "the most degrading proposition" to which in his thirty-five years of membership he had ever been asked to assent, and as an act of such "needless cruelty" that if he had not recorded a hostile vote, he would never have forgiven himself. If our readers desire an account of its several meannesses, let them read Lord Buckmaster's castigation of them. And when Mr. Lloyd George again dons his Radical reach-me-downs, let them beseech him to depute the battle against the Lords to some other captain of democracy.

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THE House of Commons ought not to have been driven to the alternative of violating its procedure and missing a proper discussion of a financial Bill, or of postponing an increase in old age pensions till the spring. Mr. Bonar Law pleaded that as the report of the Committee on Old Age Questions was not submitted to the Treasury until November 12th, it was impossible to examine the question thoroughly and bring in a Bill in time for a full debate. He admitted, however, that the Cabinet came to their decision only when they found they could not accept the recommendations of the Committee, whose scheme would have cost at least fifteen millions as compared with ten millions under the Bill. Their view was that the pension should be increased at once to a minimum of 10s. a week. The provisions of the Bill, which was carried through all its stages on Friday, could have been devised in a few hours by a business-like group of statesmen, and the measure might have been introduced at least a fortnight ago. This Government cannot do anything without arousing suspicion of its motive, and the hurried increase in pensions falls into the same category as the 10s. reduction in coal. Indeed, Mr. Bonar Law ingeniously confessed that the Government thought that the increase might modify industrial unrest. Labor accepted the new scale; but merely as an instalment.



## Politics and Affairs.

### HOW WE GOVERN IRELAND.

THE desperate and fortunately unsuccessful attempt upon the life of Lord French is the result of a system of government in Ireland which has stamped out all forms of political self-expression save one. When such things happened in Czarist Russia one heard much of the virtues of a constitutional Government; were Lenin assassinated to-morrow, we should read of the retribution which follows class tyranny. Happening in Ireland it will be used to justify and reinforce measures of which it is the consequence. We have no desire to minimise the gravity of the Irish situation or to condone bad political morals or grave excess. But at this moment, when the whips of hatred will be industriously plied, it is more than ever necessary to distinguish cause from effect. A dead-lock has been reached in Ireland, the parallel of a dead-lock in the Coalition where, as Sir John Simon said last week, one half of the combination ruins any chance of reconciliation by acts which make conciliation impossible. Law and order is the catch-cry of this half; fine words, in truth, if their law were legal, and order, not anarchy, its consequence; the same age-worn plea put forward by Henry II. on his first coming to Ireland as his authority "to extirpate from the Lord's vineyard the nurseries of vice." But the plea lacks validity. It did not and it does not work.

The two pretexts for the repressive measures in force in Ireland are outrages and the existence and programme of Dáil Eireann. When the repressive system set in the Archbishop of Dublin pointed out its certain fruit. The warning was a political commonplace and was disregarded. It is now regrettably true that some fifteen policemen have been shot in Ireland in the last two years; some in the course of planned rescues or raids for arms, some in the execution of a political vendetta, one or two, the Irish declare, at the hands of ordinary criminal miscreants, more numerous in Ireland, as elsewhere, since the war. These attacks show no signs of decrease, and it does not ensure public confidence to find it an apparent policy to fix Sinn Féin with the stigma of all these crimes. Dublin Castle has no good record in this matter, nor are the propagandists scrupulous. People in Ireland do not forget such cases as the Crossmaglen Conspiracy, nor that when the vigilance of American sentries captured two raiders on a United States aerodrome in Cork, the raiders were found to be policemen. Had they escaped one can surmise the use to which the incident would have been put in the United States. We do not wish to strain facts, and there is no reason to suggest the employment of *agents provocateurs* in these shooting cases. But we do say that when the minds of partizans are set upon making political capital out of crime, the real criminals may occasionally escape. In any case, as the protest of the County Clare landlords against the prohibition of fairs and markets testifies, the ill-judged measures already taken have no effect in reducing crime but serve merely to antagonize the sense of a community.

The proceedings taken against Dáil Eireann have, in part, a similar result. Dáil Eireann is the freely-elected assembly of the Irish representatives. In refusing it recognition the modern conception of political liberty is denied, and the whole question raised of the international relations of the two countries. Dáil Eireann is proclaimed and all its activities indifferently regarded by Mr. Macpherson as subversive of his Government. Accordingly for publishing the prospectus

of its loan almost all the Dublin weekly papers have been suppressed. This is logical, but it will not prevent the loan being subscribed to the extent of three million pounds in Ireland and the United States, a fact which will dominate Irish politics beyond the official life of Mr. Macpherson. It is also logical to attempt suppression of every other activity of the Dáil, such as each development of its economic programme. The price is partial failure and the progressive alienation of public opinion. So when a commission of inquiry into Irish industrial resources is instituted, the police forcibly prevent an Irish County Council from considering an invitation to give evidence. Industrial experts of admitted authority and Unionist politicians submit valuable evidence of which no detail is allowed to appear in the Irish newspapers. In the prosecution of this policy such steady hostility has been shown to Irish economic interests that many Irish observers conclude that an economic war has tacitly begun. Nothing is too minute to escape the attention of a Government which, as Mr. Birrell said, has the country under a microscope. One day trench-hatted soldiers with bayonets stop country girls from bringing their eggs to market; another day one hundred and fifty police and five hundred soldiers beleaguer the Dublin Mansion House and expel the stall-holders—twenty per cent. Unionist—from a twelve-year old annual Christmas fair. The introduction of a Brazilian system of *cartas de identidad* has stopped motor traffic in three-fourths of Ireland; a special Trade Union Congress supports the motor mechanics union in the strike, and trade in Ireland is brought up against the imminent danger of a general transport strike. In many other ways Irish commerce is embarrassed and handicapped. In the spirit of eighteenth century Navigation Acts direct cattle-dealing with France and Belgium is prohibited; the Irish wool, flax, horse and potato industries have in turn been penalized, with the same result of uniting one interest after another in the country in making common cause against a frantic administration. As Major Bryan Cooper protests (a former Unionist candidate and late Press Censor), even the very moderate opinion which he represents is driven into hostility. This folly in hurting their pockets has awakened the antagonism of some who have regarded with indifference or even complacency assaults upon the liberty of their political opponents. It is nothing to the soldiers and Unionist lawyers that no political meeting may be held without a police permit, that the Orange Grand Master may effectually veto Mr. Devlin from addressing his followers in Tyrone, that men are deported without trial and treated as convicts, that a new penal code of the most doubtful legality is introduced against political prisoners, that no man's house is safe from midnight domiciliary visits, or that a newspaper of the standing of the "Freeman's Journal" is suppressed for its criticism of the situation and of the moral standards of two men designated to control Irish education. But when liberty has been destroyed and the ordinary processes of the law are abrogated, and men have recourse to a desperate and utterly deplorable alternative, the Government finds itself in a moral vacuum, deprived of the moral support of the Irish nation.

The crime is then a pretext to justify its conduct and the situation it creates and daily influences. It is no more than a pretext. The "Times" has expressed the fear that the Irish Executive was being used, with or without the connivance of the Cabinet, to arouse in Ireland a state of feeling—if not a state of rebellion—in which a settlement may become impossible. It shared that opinion with many Irishmen who looked forward with apprehension to the Parliamentary recess. Perhaps



the situation will be best understood when it is said that the news of the Amritsar massacre was read with relief in Dublin in the hope that it would have a restraining effect upon the military chiefs and their advisers. This policy of dragooning a people into rebellious courses is the classic "stunt" of those whom the "Times" calls "the little ascendancy gang" and of their English allies. It was the method successfully applied in Armagh in 1796 and in the Wexford of 1798. It will always be tried when there is a political settlement to be attempted or a statute of liberty to be repealed.

### THE NEW MEETING OF EAST AND WEST.

THE European prospect is so anxious and clouded that it is easy to overlook the dangers that threaten us elsewhere. Mr. Lloyd George reminds us, and his colleagues of the Peace Conference, that the most difficult of the questions raised by the war is still unsettled. His warning was reinforced next day by news of political trouble within the territories we occupy in the East. Discussions of the problems of resettling the estates of the old Turkish Empire have proceeded, as a rule, on the assumption that the capital problem was that of adjusting the ambitions of different European Powers. This is not an easy task; indeed it has proved so difficult that the Peace Conference has spent a year on it without result. But those who look a little further ahead recognize that a much larger question is involved; the question of the relationship of the white races to the populations over whom they are to assume some kind or degree of direction.

This aspect of the outlook in the Middle East has of course the greater importance in the light of the horrible events that have shocked the world in the Punjab. We have a clear warning again in the case of Egypt that we have reached a crisis in the relations between the ruling races and the populations of Asia and Africa. At this moment in our history we are to assume responsibilities, unless appearances are deceptive, of greater or less importance over an area larger than the Indian Empire. Our treaty with Persia is recognized everywhere as the diplomatic sequel to our occupation of Mesopotamia. We thought our hands were pretty full before the war, and we are now going to add obligations that would tax the resources of a powerful and experienced people whose hands were free. We are to put ourselves in a delicate and difficult position to populations whose history, circumstances and ambitions will be a perpetual challenge to our capacity for acquiring and holding their goodwill. It is believed by some who are most intimate with these populations that the Mohammedan world will never settle down again to the rule of white races. The war which has disturbed the habits and outlook of the whole of Europe has not passed over the East leaving no effects. An Arab army has fought with distinction; an Arab prince has taken his seat in the Conference Room at Paris.

If the Arabs have seen white men victorious, they have also seen white men in defeat. There is nothing in these conditions to support the idea that they will take any rule that is imposed on them, thanking Allah for the fall of a terrorism by men of their own religion, and not looking too closely at the institutions which take its place. Nor is the war the only earthquake in their minds. The Bolshevik propaganda makes a great appeal to the Mussulman world. It points to a common oppressor of the European proletariat and the Mohammedan peoples. It preaches a simple universal philosophy not alien or antagonistic to the ideas of the

East. It denounces all those systems under which one Mahomedan State after another has lost its independence to a European Government. Some of the supporters of the Government defend their Russian policy on the ground that the Bolsheviks are poisoning the mind of India and Egypt, believing in their simple folly that this kind of influence can be arrested by war and that the best way to check these ideas is to spread confusion and misery over the world.

This is not then an easy moment for assuming the government of Eastern populations or for assuming any position that carries with it the responsibility for keeping order. Remembering the kind of influence that will be at work, the kind of fear that will be in the minds of the rulers, let us look at the position of the men on the spot. They will not hold Mesopotamia by a large army for the simple reason that Great Britain cannot find one. Their ascendancy will be what we call a moral ascendancy. They may try to introduce reforms beneficent in themselves but distasteful to the inhabitants or to some sections of them. They may make mistakes of judgment or temper; they may act in a tactless or unsympathetic manner. Their authority and position will inevitably be challenged, and even when it is not challenged in fact, their imagination will detect a challenge beneath the surface. They will be dealing with tribes and villages accustomed to delay in paying their taxes, and to methods of resistance for which their former rulers had their own remedies. Meanwhile their new rulers will find new weapons to their hands. General Dyer explained that if he had had machine-guns he would have used them in the streets of Amritsar. Can a soldier of such a temperament be relied on never to use a bombing weapon when he sees what he thinks is the beginning of a dangerous movement of revolt? The question is put in a brilliant but careful article in the "Round Table" on the "Outlook in the Middle East":—

"The employment of the bombing plane in the Middle East will not be confined to border warfare. Already, if reports are true, we have employed it in civil warfare against insurgent members of our Commonwealth in the Punjab and Egypt. A step further and we shall have made it a regular instrument of our administration. In the interior of Mesopotamia, for instance, there are turbulent and inaccessible districts, like the marshes along the Shatt-al-Hai. Suppose the marshmen are not up to time with their taxes; how much easier to bomb them till they hurry to headquarters with the money they owe, than to send a revenue official with an escort to make inquiries; ten to one some seditious motive was behind their delay; no harm to give them a lesson, and how welcome an economy of trouble and expense."

In other words, we shall be tempted to substitute for the terrorism by which the Turkish ruler kept some kind of order the infinitely more diabolical terrorism which Europe has learnt from the war. That will be one way of civilizing the native.

Nobody who recalls what has happened in India, in Egypt, or in Ireland (where tanks and aeroplanes are in readiness at any moment), can think this a fanciful picture. Peterloos of the future will be real massacres. Does the League of Nations offer any security against that? We fear not. The mandatory system may be drawn up with the greatest care and vigilance, but, after all, the League will be in the hands of the Powers who exercise this very authority. The white Governments will have every temptation to exploit the resources of the East, because all Europe will be in dire poverty, and they will have every motive to use the cheapest, which means the most drastic, method of police. We incline to the view that what is wanted is a different conception of the relations of these peoples to the West. They need

help and they need guidance. The true problem is that of discovering how that help and that guidance can be given in a form consistent with the self-respect of the Eastern people. It is for this reason that we deplore the treaty with Persia, for we are convinced that the most hopeful method is to *make the European adviser the servant of the native State*. If Persia had had her way and had received the recognition she asked from the Peace Conference, she would have chosen her own advisers, men like Mr. Shuster, and used their brains and enthusiasm for her development. Her self-respect would not have been injured; there would have been no antagonism between the Persian spirit and the interests of some other Power acting as a constant irritant, and Persia would have been an example to the world of a Mahomedan State that had kept its independence, and was able to use the experience of the outside world.

Her people would not have felt that a foreign Power had its grasp on them, and that they were destined to become a second Egypt. If the native State uses Europeans as advisers, Europe can give Asia help without provoking any conflict between Europe and Asia, and without putting European and Asiatic in a false position. Any plan that puts a European Power behind a native State raises these issues at once. The fact that the European Government relies on a moral ascendancy is interpreted by the man on the spot to mean that any violence to a European must be punished in some sensational and dramatic way, which means, in the long run, that the life of a European is a great deal more valuable than the life of the native. This is the fatal fallacy on which, as we fear, we are about to build up a new system of governments in the East. We should like to think that our view of the incapacity of the League of Nations to prevent this disaster is too pessimistic, but it is only necessary to glance at the world to see how immense a task we are throwing on its statesmanship. It looks as if the overthrow of the Turkish Empire will be followed by a series of conflicts between the new spirit in the East and the European Governments who will be in occupation of different parts of that Empire. And, unless Europe can find a set of administrators and soldiers of consummate wisdom and self-control, these conflicts will assume very terrible forms in the everyday life of government and administration.

#### THE CRIME AGAINST EUROPE.

FOR more than a year past that half of the civilized world which has emerged sound and whole from the war has been listening to prophecies of what must happen if the other half is left unaided in its misery. We need not refer to unofficial warnings: the gravest warnings of all have come from men like Mr. Hoover, Lord Robert Cecil, and General Smuts, who shared for a time the responsibility for the policy of the Allies. They have told us that millions must die, while the children who survive will grow up stunted weaklings: they have told us that production has almost ceased over that area of Europe which was before the war the most populous and the most productive: they have hinted at the passions of despair and the ferment of violence which are being generated in this putrefying hotbed of misery and revolution. Public opinion, in this country at least, is not unmoved, and so far as charitable help can go, the appeal of Field-Marshal Haig makes it certain that there will be a response from private generosity. One welcomes this work of charity, because a wave of human sympathy and pity goes with it to erase the war's tide mark of hate. But this situation is hopelessly beyond

the resources of charity. One might as well try to finance a war by subscriptions to a patriotic fund.

It seems as though the only people who remain unmoved by this scene of danger and desolation are also the only people who might take the essential steps to deal with it. The responsibility lies in the last resort with two men, and neither Mr. Lloyd George nor M. Clemenceau seems capable of rising beyond a narrowly national policy. In phrases which Mr. George repeated again and again in his speech of last Thursday, the only phrases which had an emotional ring, he insisted that we must, before all else, conserve our own strength and our own power. In the long run we may yet find that even from the standpoint of the narrowest national egoism, the decision to think first of the conservation of our own resources has been a tragically shortsighted mistake. We are allowing the most populous and most industrious part of Europe to relapse into helpless poverty. We are promoting in Russia a civil war which must lame that nation and suspend the use of its natural wealth for years or decades to come. The current of world-trade is turning away from the shores of this desolate Continent, and the markets that we used to frequent will be unable for years to come to demand our wares. Something like two hundred million people in Central Europe and Russia, some for lack of raw material wherewith to make goods for exchange, the others because of our blockade, are unable to buy anything from us. Our own strength cannot be restored in isolation. We cannot live without the world market, and from that market these vast masses of men, twice the population of the United States, are to all intents and purposes subtracted. These are repugnant calculations in face of famine and agony, but they are an apt answer to the man who refuses his aid, lest our own strength should suffer.

There is another answer to Mr. George's plea that we cannot afford to do anything "adequate" for Central Europe. Much that might be done would cost us nothing. Lord Robert Cecil referred with just contempt to the frivolity which has loaded dying Austria with indemnities and a grotesquely unequal share of the old Hapsburg debts. In one sense it does not matter. No one will ever try to levy this tribute twenty years hence on the rickety, tuberculous children who are growing up to-day. In another sense it matters seriously. While these impossible debts hang over Austria, she can do nothing to help herself. She has no assets that she can call her own. It would cost us nothing to wipe out the claim to tributes which we shall never receive—and never attempt to exact. Again, Mr. George forgets how much of this misery in Austria is due to certain territorial chapters of the settlement which we believe he himself at one time opposed. Austria, as her frontiers are now drawn, has neither coalfields nor (save for a tiny area) corn-lands. She would have had both, if her frontiers had been drawn with elementary justice to the German race. Much of the coalfields and some of the good corn-land which belongs to-day to the Tchecho-Slovak State is inhabited by solid German populations. They live on its fringes, and might without wronging any Tchech population, have been united, as their people demanded, to Austria. Mr. George (against his own better opinion) consented to this wrong. The result is the starvation of Vienna to-day. The Tchechs close their frontiers, and this coal raised almost at her gates by German miners, this grain grown by German farmers, cannot be sent to Vienna, while he, lest she should utterly starve, must send doles to her from our own distant stores. It would have cost us nothing, it would even have saved us money, if we had drawn an honest racial frontier.



The one indispensable thing which we ought to have done for all the States of Central and Eastern Europe, Allied as well as enemy, is the one thing we have been reluctant to do. They all required raw material, and with their currencies at the present vanishing levels, it must have been sent on credit. The policy of the Treasury has been on the contrary to assist our own industry by credit to dump manufactured goods on countries which are unable to pay for them. The need for clothing over the whole area which was blockaded is at least as serious as the need for food. Paper substitutes have been, for five years, the only new garments procurable for all save the rich. Everywhere, in Allied Poland no less than in Germany and Austria, the poor are wearing rags which are literally dropping in pieces, and thrifty mothers make suits for their children out of old sacks. A plague of tuberculosis follows. Meanwhile, the workers in textile districts like German Saxony and Polish Lodz have been unemployed for years. America, we are glad to say, has sent some cotton. In spite, however, of public appeals from Mr. Hoover, and the recommendation of our own Economic Mission, we have not sent even to Allied Poland the wool and the jute that would have restarted her mills. What the Treasury did do was to set aside £26,000,000 to assist the export of manufactured goods, which can be sold (if at all) only to the rich at high prices. The only sane, the only humane policy would have been to help the unemployed Polish spinners and weavers to make clothes for the half-clad Polish laborers. In due course, had industry been restarted, there would have been a demand, which would have required no artificial stimulation, for our manufactures. Had we spent that £26,000,000 in guarantees to cover the export of raw materials, we should have spent no more. But we preferred the shortsighted policy of fostering our own trade. Imagine a shopkeeper in a town which had been for years unemployed. Ask him which he prefers—a loan to enable him to sell some goods on credit to his starving, workless neighbors, or a loan of raw materials which would set all the factories running again, with the result that in a few weeks cheap goods would be on sale and the workers would have the wherewithal to buy them! Few shopkeepers would hesitate. Yet Mr. George and M. Clemenceau have apparently once more rejected the only sound policy towards Vienna. They will not grant the credit that would have purchased raw materials to set Vienna to work. They continue the cruelly demoralizing policy of flinging doles of food, and those inadequate, to a once self-respecting, industrious people, which asks only for the means with which to work. We cannot, they tell us, afford to do more. The £100,000,000 which we have squandered to enable Denikin to slaughter his fellow Russians would have provided raw materials enough to set not Austria only, but Poland and part of Germany to work. We have spent that money on devastation. It might have made Central Europe a workshop once more.

We confess that we lack the patience to dissect the shifty, inconsequent paragraph of the speech in which Mr. George half announced, half concealed the fact that since the Mansion House speech, he has once more altered his Russian policy. He will not actively "intervene." But there is still £15,000,000 worth of munitions to be sent to Denikin, and some goes out by every ship. He tells us that the mass of Russian people is neither for the Bolsheviks nor for Denikin. That may be true, but it is undoubtedly against the foreigners, and those who rely on foreign aid. Taking himself this detached and sceptical view, he none the less backs Denikin, not merely with money and munitions, but with the deadly blockade. So far is he from contemplating any lifting of

the blockade, that a semi-official statement appears in the press threatening Esthonia with the blockade if she makes peace with the Bolsheviks by ceasing her reluctant support to Yudenitch. The blockade means that Russian timber, flax, and minerals are withheld from the West, which urgently needs them. It means that the industries of Central Europe which used to live in the Russian market are doomed to continued stagnation. It means that the locomotives, wagons, steam ploughs, and tools which starving Central Europe might be making, cannot cross the frontier to be exchanged for the flax, timber, and minerals, and even for the unsaleable grain which the Russian peasant buries under ground. Does Mr. George fear that our purse is limited? Here is a means of helping both Russia and Central Europe which will cost us nothing—which will even save us money. He rejects it, and there loom up shadowy objections to making peace which did not deter him in November. He wants a "stable" Russian Government to deal with. How stable would even Tsardom be, if it had been blockaded for years? He wants a National Assembly resting on the geographical constituencies which the West retains, instead of the industrial constituencies which the Bolsheviks prefer. He wants to wait till Russia is united. Such reasons might at a stretch authorize some caution in the formal recognition of a Government. Do they justify the suicidal cruelty of a blockade? Did we ever dream of such pedantry when Mexico, for example, was divided (as it still is) by civil wars and made no pretence even of the form of representative government? Did we blockade the Turkey of Abdul Hamid or the Russia of Tsar Nicholas?

The rest of this empty speech presents us only with riddles. What are Mr. George and M. Clemenceau going to do, if, as is probable, America remains outside the League, or else offers to enter it unpledged? Will they build up a reinsurance system based on an Anglo-French military alliance, or will they boldly act on the principle that now, more than ever, Europe needs concert, co-operation, mutual aid and helpful peace, in short, a closer and more intimate League? Clearly, the latter alternative is not in their thoughts. A European League of Nations without Germany and Russia is nonsense. The idea of mutual aid they apparently reject, unless America will finance it. No thought of any beginnings of a policy of conciliation towards the beaten and helpless foe appears in their utterances or their acts. Their policy rests on coercions, tributes, blockades. In short, their acts repudiate the ideal of European solidarity, a League of mutual restoration. The other alternative is the French policy of an exclusive military alliance. At that as yet Mr. George seems, in words, to hesitate. His whole policy, indeed, is one of hesitation—neither peace nor war with Russia, neither the League nor alliances for Europe. His mind is not formed for the task of thinking in terms of any coherent European system at all. He closed, however, with one alarming, if ambiguous, limit. If the American Senate will only enter the League unpledged, well, then we must all be on the same footing—it "must be a League of equal nations." We hope that this only means an invitation to America to come forward and take her full share of the burden of restoring Europe. But it might also mean that Mr. George is listening to the promptings of official France, which would welcome the prospect of dissolving the League altogether, by liberating all its members from pledges? If that is done the future is one of open militarism. From the anarchy we have made and the misery we have aggravated, we should then seek safety in military alliances and armaments. Mr. George's policy has prepared no better future.



## A London Diary.

LONDON, MONDAY.

ONE feels to-day about the Government, not that it is a type of the ordinary bad and incapable administration of these times—it is all that—but rather that it is a grotesque and tragic survival of the kind of thing for which the world has ceased to have any use whatever. If it serves any positive end, it is to give society the finished demonstration of the truth that the war, which the soldiers won about two years before it ended, the “statesmen” have turned to unqualified defeat. Brainless and conscienceless, our tragic comedians go on. Their detailed incapacity is quite phenomenal. The House of Lords gives Mr. George a lesson in Liberalism: Mr. Litvinoff in diplomacy. Mr. Keynes bursts the carefully-blown bubble of the diplomacy of Paris. The re-arrangements of industry stand for a tremulous hour, and then melt away. The big and little Bills founder together. The Cabinet, being a mule by birth, produces nothing. The queer assortment of little men who sit round the table at No. 10 do their best, I suppose, but it is impossible even to imagine the spiritual bond that brings and keeps them together.

MR. GEORGE’S world, therefore, has pretty well come to an end. Irish coercion, Amritsar massacres, a total collapse in home policy, unredeemed failure in Middle Europe, India, Egypt, Russia—show the country that Mr. George is personally unfit to govern it, and bring home to it the errors of his peace and of the spirit of his statesmanship. After all we are a democracy, and it is yet to be shown that the Empire can be run in complete disregard of public opinion or national right. The British nations have had a draught of liberty for themselves and have commended the intoxicating drink to others: and they cannot let their governors persuade them for long that the life-giving potion was a poison, and the poison a febrifuge. Sooner or later, of course, Mr. George’s conception of politics will go down in complete disaster. But it is much more important that he should stay long enough for the people to learn the lesson of the war and the peace. Then they can study the secret of a personality whose power for good has determined.

THE general problem is, of course, the inadequacy of the governing mind in Europe and here. What is the commonest reflection that an observer of politics makes upon the *personnel* of modern government? It is that while the power of the bureaucracy is much in excess of the needs of the country, and is liable to grave abuse, one finds more conscience in work, more sense of right and justice and fairplay, and more competence, in the great public offices than in the men who direct them. Was there an important British official at the Conference of Paris who had not an incomparably deeper feeling for the state of Europe and a keener appreciation of the crime that was being committed against her, than had his chiefs? The same might be said with a qualification of the American officials, though in President Wilson’s case the fault was not want of heart or moral sense, but of intellectual application. The truth is that the official world have had their awakening; they have come to a knowledge of the sin and trouble of our political life, while their “directors,” made of commoner clay, and touching mainly the

ambitions and superficialities of politics, live on a grosser plane altogether, deaf to the complaint of the world, and blind to its suffering.

NOWADAYS indeed the politician speaks no word of truth, or at least of relevant truth, first because he does not know and secondly because he does not very deeply care. The soil is too shallow for that. The sense of responsibility is lacking in him because he has a material and mechanical view of men as pieces on a chessboard, useful servants of his need. Compare, for example, Gladstone’s political morals and George’s and Clemenceau’s. Much may be said in depreciation of the Gladstonian intellect and career. But test them by these three cases—India—Egypt—Ireland. The Gladstonian wrath and repudiation of what has happened there we can all imagine. But it is equally pertinent to recall the Gladstonian political judgment. Gladstone put the Irish case on the ground of social order. “You cannot govern Ireland,” he concluded after a long experience. “The people are against you. Never again will you be able to govern. In the end they will break your administration to pieces. It is only a question of time. You must restore popular acquiescence in the law—that is to say, you must make the people feel that the law is their law, and is self-administered.” There is the case of Amritsar; there is the case of Cairo; there is the case of the City of Dublin. It is not a question of doing anything at all. It is a question of letting the peoples do it, if you can, under some general *amicable* bond of Imperial unity, such as you have secured (by a totally different policy) for the people of Australia and Canada. The alternative is French and Dyer, and there is no other.

THUS the task is the simple one of re-establishing belief in British honor and sense of justice, and the immeasurably difficult one of finding the men and the Governments to do it. In Egypt and Ireland the loss of faith is absolute: in India there is a bare chance of redeeming it. We have not yet canonized General Dyer and Colonel Johnson, and any mess-talk that may be going of “serve-the-dam-niggers-right,” is still mess-talk and nothing more. But looking at the England of to-day, and the people who govern her, few can feel confident that a clean cut is going to be made, not merely with the acts of these men, but with their spirit and temper. Nothing less can save us; and yet nothing is more completely out of harmony with the habitual mental attitude of our governing Press (the new “Times” is an important and valuable exception), or of “Society,” or with the character of the new Parliament. We have at the top everything that takes the fine savor out of British politics—unwisdom, the fanatical pursuit of Empire, the dominance of ignorance, and don’t-careness. What need, then, for the cultivation of knowledge and feeling, for the rise of a body of intellectual Samurai!

THE legal case and the legal precedents for putting General Dyer on his trial in the Civil Courts would seem to be ample. Broom’s Constitutional Law declares that if any person employed in the service of the Crown in a civil or military capacity *out of Great Britain*, should commit any indictable offence in the execution of, or under color of, his office, he may be prosecuted for it in the Court of King’s Bench. And the Manual of Military Law lays it down that, when troops are called out to assist the civil power in cases of riot or

insurrection, they are, indeed, under military law, but "they are also, as citizens, subject to the ordinary civil law of England as if they were not soldiers." Dicey's Law of the Constitution comes to the same conclusion. In fact, a British Governor, Wall, was, more than a hundred years ago, hanged for a single capital offence, committed in Goree, in West Africa, when, with an insufficient garrison, he had to defend the Colony against the French. There was discontent among the garrison owing to their pay having got into arrears. Their ringleader was a certain Sergeant Armstrong, who put their case to the Governor. He was arrested, and given eight hundred lashes, from which (assisted with libations of brandy) he died. A warrant for Wall's arrest was issued by the Secretary of State, but he escaped from custody to France. He was advised to return, and after twenty years' interval, was tried for Armstrong's murder. Ellenborough, then Attorney General, prosecuted him, and he was found guilty and sentenced to death. Two days later, owing to the violent demonstrations against him on the part of the workmen and probably the danger of a mutiny in the Guards, he was executed. There are also the cases of the abortive prosecutions of Governor Eyre, and of Picton, one of the heroes of Waterloo, for criminal acts done abroad.

THERE is a pitiful story from Vienna. It is the practice to run trains from the city to the neighboring woodlands to enable the people to get firewood to keep them alive. They go back laden, but so weak from underfeeding that it is a common sight to see them staggering and dropping on their homeward path.

I BELIEVE it cannot be questioned that a British Military Mission has either gone to Finland or is going. With what purpose? Mr. Churchill should be strictly questioned on this point. Has this enterprise any other object than the organization either of a Finnish invasion of Soviet Russia, or of Finnish co-operation in that policy? If this is the case, there is no value in Mr. George's statement that British intervention in Russia had come to an end, or in a Mission such as Mr. O'Grady's to secure the exchange of prisoners. Now that the direct forms of intervention are abandoned owing to the overpowering pressure of opinion here, the War Office must not be allowed to devise and execute indirect ones. The moment the House reassembles, its adjournment should be moved by the Labor Party in conjunction with the Liberals, or by the Liberals in conjunction with the Labor Party. Then at least some shades and incidents of the truth, if not the truth itself, must emerge.

THE "Save the Children Fund," with its International Committee at Geneva, has had an interesting incidental effect. It has actually done something for the religious unity of Europe. To take an example. Two appeals have recently been issued, one by the leaders of the religious bodies in England, the other by the Vatican. They represent a degree of co-operation between Protestants and Roman Catholics which is quite unprecedented. Both appeal for collections and prayers on the same day, December 28th. Both appeal for the same fund. For this movement the Churches are not a little indebted to Pope Benedict XV. It was the fashion at one time in the Allied countries to say that the Pope's diplomacy had an eye to temporal interests. The best proof of his neutrality is that precisely the same charges were made against him in the camp of our enemies. In fact, the

Pope stands the test of the war a good deal better than the secular statesmen. To begin with, he was fair. He abstained from pronouncing on matters where the facts were in dispute; he took every opportunity of recalling men's minds to thoughts of peace and humanity; and if he failed, the fault was not his. He invoked the charity of the faithful for Belgium, and he appealed impartially to both sides for the decent treatment of prisoners. He was the jealous guardian of the idea that the Church of Rome is an international body, transcending the conflicts of nations. And he proves his humanity to-day by inviting Catholics to contribute to an international fund opened by Protestants. Not a bad stroke for the reunion of Christendom, or what is left of Christendom.

WHICH are the best-written books of the year? I personally should give an unhesitating verdict to two volumes as wide apart in subject and treatment as East from West. The first is George Moore's "Avowals," the second, Mr. Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace." The first edition of the latter, by the way, was exhausted within a few days or so of its publication. A cheap shilling edition is an urgent need.

OUT of all the little stories—where the significances chiefly are secret—one hears of the battleground, the reason emerges which explains why the book on the war which would move us has not been written. It requires no less than a master. I heard this week of the Church at Aire-sur-Lys, where in one corner, at this season of the year, a concentration of candles in the mysterious gloom of the interior lit up a group of puppets, before which some kneeling Christians revered a representation of the morning of the Nativity. Little toy cattle, and dolls of the Magi, stood around the Holy Family. Above it all was a real light, the Star of Bethlehem. As the great howitzers rumbled by outside, the Star shook and danced, as though in ecstasy.

I MAY remind my readers that the Christmas supplement of THE NATION contained a "foreword," in which we stated our objections to the issue of Christmas books for children in glorification of war, and declined to review them. Now I record the following appeal from the "Völkerbund," the weekly organ of the League of Nations in Tchecho-Slovakia:—

—MOTHERS! TEACHERS! FRIENDS OF CHILDREN!

The festival of gifts is coming! Let it be a festival of joy for our children! A festival of the rebirth of life. Away with the atmosphere of death and destruction!

*Refuse* to give a toy which is a reminder of the world destroying war, of the great death! It is forbidden to equip children with warlike weapon or clothing. Toy soldiers are forbidden, from spear-bearing soldiers of antiquity to the metal helmets of to-day. Toy weapons are forbidden, from revolvers to machine-guns.

*Refuse* to give books which glorify war, wake warlike spirit or celebrate warlike deeds.

*Refuse* to give pictures which represent places of battle, torments of the wounded, the dying, the delirium of the victor.

*Poison no longer* the souls and the imagination of your children with the spirit of hate, which you wake and nourish by these toys and books.

*Recollect* the child's right. Give him back the true children's land:—

A realm of cheerfulness—without cruelty—a realm of the good—weaponless! A realm prepared for peace—without hate! A realm of reconciliation—without hostility! A realm of life—of peace—of civilization.

—As you shape Youth, so you shape the Future.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### "PROPUTTY, PROPUTTY!"

WE have long liked to think of Lord Rosebery as of one who, with worldly ambitions amply satisfied, now passed his remaining years in dignified ease, devoting the days unto that wisdom which he has at intervals cultivated. All the great rewards of British life have fallen to his lot. He has won the Derby, he has owned land, he was always wealthy, and he has been Prime Minister. Defying the principles of the society into which he was born, he has followed intellectual pursuits with the grace, if also with the languor, of a fastidious amateur. He has written more than one book, in which even his enemies, if he had any, could find nothing to give them the pleasure of spiteful exultation. If a statue were erected or a literary dinner devoured in honor of Burns or Scott, Lord Rosebery was inevitably the man sent for to expatiate on the peculiar quality of Scottish genius. His speeches on such occasions were models of an obvious rather than a curious felicity, admirably adapted to an audience already slightly bemused with national spirit. It is hardly more than ten or twelve years, we suppose, since his voice was still sometimes heard in high discussion of the country's welfare. Within the last eighteen years certainly, he has created phrases that have expressed the moment and flitted through the mouths of men. The peace that sometimes comes when two enemies happen to meet at a wayside inn; the peril of our European civilization rattling into barbarism—such pregnant and popular phrases we all remember. About once every five years they came to remind us of the days when by universal consent Lord Rosebery was capable of the highest office, until he held it.

Since that voice of silver eloquence fell silent, we have imagined him, as we said, applying his heart unto wisdom, silently reflecting upon the course of this distracted globe, or like the prophetic soul of the wide world, brooding on things to come. We thought of him as contemplating the lesser politicians of our time as an ageing eagle might contemplate the gulls that flit below his eyrie; or shall we rather say like a sage Indian who, having fulfilled the highest duties of his State, withdraws in the ascetic's robe to Himalayan heights, there abstracted from the world to meditate the things that are eternal? It is true that sorrows common to mankind reached him. Like thousands on thousands of other elderly men and women in this realm, he lost a son of high promise, untimely cut short by war; and, like others, he could but imitate the forced stoicism of the Greek who murmured, "I knew I had begotten a mortal." There are tears for mortal things, and all were involved in the agony of a country—of a continent—struggling for its very life. The veil of civilization's temple was rent from top to bottom. The world was dissolved in the thunder and earthquake of human conflict. Mankind was crucified afresh, and with torments hitherto unknown. If ever the counsel of wisdom and ripe experience were called for in this country it was then. But Lord Rosebery, who once had steered the State, sat silent, and we respected his silence. It was the dignified silence of an abdicated Emperor, of a Hannibal in exile, of an old pilot watching the storm from shore.

Suddenly in these last days, when the need, not of action but of wisdom, was perhaps greater than ever before in the long history of Europe, we heard that silver voice again. Like a trumpet it sounded a piercing note, shrill and unmistakable. And what had roused the noble dreamer? What had at length persuaded the meditative recluse to break a silence maintained so long, and with such dignity and ease? He was once Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Had he now heard the cry of misery going up from Europe? Was he about to propose some soothing solution for the warring elements in the Near East? Would he suggest some meeting at a wayside inn (say in Copenhagen) whence peace and order might arise amid the indeterminate chaos of Russia?

Lord Rosebery was once acknowledged in this country as the tactful conciliator when industrial dispute ran high. Was he now coming forward in a time of more violent industrial contention to conciliate again? He had known the meaning of finance, and listened to the sorrows of the Exchequer. Was he now to utter grave warning to a nation rattling into bankruptcy? Alas, no! It was none of the disasters rending a continent and threatening a country that forced him to emerge from the obscurity of calm. The sacred word of property struck upon his ear. He heard it in his dreams. The sleeper woke. The silent eagle was transformed into a rattlesnake. The Sanyasi shrieked like a peasant proprietor whose neighbor has moved his boundary one inch.

"Proputty, Proputty!" Lord Rosebery had held it true with the Northern Farmer that "proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws." Opening his newspaper one morning, he found with amazement that property—his property—was slipping from his grasp. He found that property—his property—far from growing was actually likely to diminish in value. It was too much. The Old Adam of the landlord stirred within him. Dignity was shattered. Silence was rent. He turned upon the trespassers as a magistrate in a pheasant country turns upon the poacher. As from a vitriol jar, he poured out his abuse. Shall we say he swore like a lord? No; the "Times" tells us he had resort to language stronger than that which is usual in the conduct of ordinary business negotiations, but that plain Englishmen will admire the patrician's ease with which he is able to express his indignation and contempt. Let us take it at that. It certainly would add to the interest and variety of life if ordinary business negotiations were conducted in such language, and if only an equal education would bestow upon us all the patrician's ease in expressing our indignation and contempt. What merry displays of vituperative eloquence our streets and slums would present! What courteous references to burglars and pickpockets would resound! What denunciation of crying scandals and unscrupulous depredations! What appeals to Sinai and the unchanging Laws of Moses!

We need not enter very closely into the immediate cause of this patrician clamor. We admit the shock to a landlord's equanimity. We deeply sympathize with Lord Rosebery's feelings when the hideous fact was sprung upon him unawares. A farm—one of his own farms, Turnhouse Farm, one of the richest in the Lothians, a farm of 178 fertile acres—had been converted during the war into an aerodrome and partly covered with the wretched hovels called "huts" so painfully familiar to us all in the London parks and squares. We admit they are one of the curses of war, and we have accepted them as such inevitably. But for Lord Rosebery worse remained behind. He beheld a barefaced announcement putting the Turnhouse Farm (his own farm) up for sale, aerodrome, wretched hovels, and all. Again we sympathize. We do not dispute the legality. Under D.O.R.A. nearly any crime is legal. This particular action appears to have been taken under the section of D.O.R.A. known as "Acquisition of Land, 1916." Under that section it is impossible to dispute the legality. If Lord Rosebery refused to buy the wretched hovels and all the rest of it himself, the land could be put up for sale just to see what it would fetch as it stood, and if a purchaser made a good enough offer the whole thing passed to him, due compensation being made to Lord Rosebery according to the former value of the farm. From the legal point of view, that we believe to be the statement of the case in its simplest terms. The Government, having acquired or commandeered the land for the purposes of the war, could, according to the Act, retain possession for two years after the conclusion of war, and had the right to dispose of it during a further three years, subject to the consent of the Railway and Canal Commission. To that Commission Lord Rosebery had the right of appeal, and that was all the right he retained. No wonder the discovery came as a terrible shock to a landowner reared in the very sanctuary of real property.



As we have said, we deeply sympathize. We sympathize with any human sorrow, with any shock to our short-lived mortality. In common with nearly all the inhabitants of this country we sympathize also as fellow-sufferers. In one way or another we have all come under the ruthless domination of a bureaucracy which is the "accursed inheritance" of war. We can heartily agree with Lord Rosebery when he calls it "one of the curses of our time that we are living under innumerable regulations framed hurriedly in the stress of war which we cannot know." We all suffer from the ill manners and petty tyranny of the bureaucrats who now ride the country with a heavy hand, refuse to dismount, and are not easily to be shaken from the saddle. Like Lord Rosebery, we have all submitted to their interference and their insolence during the extremity of war, but like him we would fain rebel against those "instruments of oppression" with which they persecute us in time of peace. We welcome any stroke or any sneer likely to diminish their arrogance or restore some semblance of the freedom upon which they have encroached. We could support any action which might persuade them that their jobs are essential only to themselves. We only regret that Lord Rosebery has not broken his long and dignified silence in a cause less personal than his farm, and for the wider advantage of the people.

Of course we do not know the amount or the sources of Lord Rosebery's income, but we can hardly suppose that the rental of Turnhouse Farm is his sole means of livelihood. If he possesses other means of feeding, clothing, and housing himself, we are inclined to think his outcry over Turnhouse Farm a little exaggerated—a little unworthy of that patrician ease which we are told to admire. The "oppression of an individual," "the selling by the Government of something that does not belong to it," "the indifference to the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and even to the Eighth Commandment," "crying scandal," this declaration that "we (Lord Rosebery and Sir Howard Frank) are as far apart as the poles or as honesty from dishonesty," this protest against "a tedious recapitulation of exploded contentions," this remark that "it is a matter of indifference, if I am to be robbed, whether it is by a pick-pocket or a burglar," this talk of "an unscrupulous depredation unworthy of an honest Minister," a malpractice such as Lord Rosebery himself when a Minister would have blushed to countenance, this comparison with the thefts of Bolshevism, this adjuration of Sinai—it may all denote patrician ease and a nobleman's mastery of indignation and contempt, but to humble people the manners appear deficient in that repose which we had been told marked the caste of our old nobility. If a middle-class citizen had been treated as Lord Rosebery was, had been threatened with interference in a similar proportion of his income (with compensation equally assured), and had then displayed all this rhetoric in his protest, should we not have felt that he was a little overdoing the part? Would the "Times" then have raved in admiration of middle-class ease? Should we not have quoted Sam Weller: "So much for so little, as the Charity Boy said when he came to the end of the alphabet"?

Lord Rosebery, in his final letter, tells us that "robbery can be accomplished under laws, as is now taking place in Russia, where we have been endeavoring to combat principles while we are reducing them to practice at home." We cannot say whether he would have suffered more under the Soviet Government than under D.O.R.A. (Acquisition of Land, 1916), for, as we said, we do not know his means of livelihood. But the Russian Government would have left him at least as much of Turnhouse Farm as he could cultivate himself, so that he need have no fear of starvation even under Lenin. Or if his education and surroundings had rendered him incapable of farm labor, his unquestioned talents would have been applied to other useful purposes. If unhappily the course of years has unfitted him for toil of any kind, an Old Age Pension would be his. Let him not take the whole affair too tragically. From our nobility we expect the calm and restraint of artists in

behavior. What else do we keep them for but to teach us the grace of quiet manners? And, at the worst, such a man as Lord Rosebery is unlikely to suffer anything very outrageous at the hands even of such an instrument of unscrupulous depredation as Sir Howard Frank. Let him cease to tremble as he hears the familiar beating tread of "Proputty, proputty," and reflects how soon the goods of this world perish now. Let him rather reflect that it is possible to practise virtue even though utterly bereft of Turnhouse Farm.

#### ST. PHOCAS THE GARDENER.

"LOVELY and profitable to those who care for things of good report is the memory of the saints," writes the good Bishop Asterius, himself later to be added to their number. They are the opening words of the sermon which he preached to his Church in Amasea in honor of the old man Phocas, martyred in the neighboring city of Sinope scarcely a hundred years before he wrote, during the persecution of Diocletian, and though the Western world has all but forgotten the gardener saint, his simple story still is fragrant with beauty, like the flowers of the garden that he loved and tilled so well.

Phocas lived hard by the city of Sinope, owning a little market garden without the gate, on the landward side of the harbor peninsular. Here, too, was his humble cottage, and beside the garden's end ran the high road to the city. Working daily with diligence he had enough both for his own needs and to bring comfort to the poor. He must have been, too, a most neighborly man, for his little house was open freely to all the passers-by, and he delighted to give what hospitality he could to the wayfarer. He hid his faith from none. The good name of the hospitable cottager must have been carried far by many a traveller; "'tis a pity such a good fellow is a Christian," they doubtless often said. So when the great persecution broke out the authorities knew well that in Phocas they had a notorious sectary, who needed no informer to denounce him. Whether it was that the notoriety of his guilt was so great, or that his humble position made it less necessary to observe the usual forms of justice is not clear, but judgment was passed on his case in his absence and the court despatched its officers to apprehend and execute the criminal.

It was the end of the day when the tired lictors approached Sinope, and very grateful to them was the sight of the cool garden by the roadside, with its open door and the welcoming face of the master, bidding them enter and refresh themselves. They had agreed to keep their mission secret, so that they might discover and capture their man unawares. But as they sat at table sharing his simple fare with their kindly host their hearts warmed to his cheerful countenance, and when he asked them who they were and what was the object of their journey to his town, they told him that it was a secret he must reveal to none other; they were come to find and execute justice upon a certain Phocas. It would just complete the kind hospitality he had given them, they said, if they might ask of him one favor more, to come with them and help them to take the fellow. Phocas listened quietly without a movement of his face. He nodded gently. "Yes, I know the man," he said, "he is not far away and I shall easily find him. You shall not have to wait long; I will show him you to-morrow. But you must do one thing for me; you are weary and footsore; let me give you lodging in this poor dwelling of mine for to-night." Gladly was the offer accepted, and Phocas busied himself to make his guests as comfortable and happy as he was able. Night fell and they retired to rest. He was left alone and went out into the garden that he loved. His guests would soon be sleeping soundly; all was still about him but the moths flitting to and fro over the flowers. The lictors had no suspicion who he was; escape was easy. Beyond the gate was the white road calling him to safety; there were good friends and trusty neighbors in the city and in the countryside who would willingly hide him. He loved his life; he was strong and might do good work

for many a year. There were the poor to be fed, his friends to be cheered and helped, the strangers to be lodged and tended. Who was there who would do just what he was doing? Was not the right course to take this opportunity so wonderfully offered to him, to slip away and wait quietly in some hidden place until the storm of persecution passed, as many a former one had done, and then to return to his home and work?

But, then, what of the lictors? Would they not be punished for letting their prey slip from their grasp when he was in their power? There would be searchings and a hue and cry. His friends might lie to shield him, they might endanger their lives to save his. That could not surely be God's will. The Lord, too, was found by his enemies in a garden, and he went with them willingly, not suffering Peter to resist. Perhaps it was while all these thoughts were surging through him that Phocas began to dig. He was used to think out as he worked those daily difficulties that once seemed so big: how this widow was to be cared for, how those orphans were to be brought up, how such an one might be reconciled to his neighbor. He had a bigger problem now to solve, but as he went on digging the answer became clearer and a great peace settled on him. He smelt the good earth beneath his spade, and the breath of the flowers; it was God's earth, they were God's flowers, he was here in his true place, where the Master willed. Now and then he would pause in his digging and look up to the stars in the blue night above him. They, too, were silently doing God's will. He went on digging, for all doubt now had died away. At length the task was finished. He had dug his own grave.

When morning came, having made all ready and prepared whatever was necessary for his burial, Phocas greeted his guests. "I have sought for Phocas with diligence," he said, "and now he is ready to be caught and you can arrest him if you please." The lictors were delighted, and eagerly asked where they were to find their man. "He is not far away," answered Phocas, "indeed he is here with you, for I myself am the very man you seek. So now carry out what you have in hand; you have come to the goal of that wearisome journey of yours." The men were struck dumb with astonishment, and a sudden chill fell over them. How could they kill this good old man, who had given them such hospitality, such generous hospitality, and he so poor? So it was left to Phocas to speak kindly words of encouragement to them; he bade them be of good cheer and not to hesitate: his death would not be laid to their charge, though their hands did the deed; it was the act of those whose orders they bore. Thus at length he overcame their scruples; he knelt down beside the grave that he had digged and the lictors cut off the old man's head.

The years passed and the great persecution came to an end. Others took the little garden, and the poor folk whom Phocas used to help must now look elsewhere for succor. But the kindly memory of the old gardener lived on and grew brighter in the hearts of men, and it became the custom for the sailors of the Euxine to remember the poor in the name of him who had been their friend. Seafaring men, too, carried his fame across the Ægean Sea, to the distant Adriatic and to the far off ocean waters. St. Phocas brought good luck to the ship, they said, some of them even thought they had seen him in time of storm rousing the sleeping steersman, or with his hand on the sheets. They made it a custom to ask Phocas to be a comrade at their table; an additional ration of food and wine was daily put aside for the unseen guest, and bought by each of the crew in turn, as the lot decided; at the end of the voyage the money thus set apart was given to feed the poor, and so though strangers tilled his garden, Phocas was still able to find food and shelter for the needy, even more than when he lived and worked for them. "The share of Phocas," as they called it, came from fishers' boats and from sailors of other crafts to bring good cheer and comfort to many a poor home where God was thanked for the gardener saint, who was faithful to the end and loved his fellowmen.

T. E. H.

## Communications.

### YOUTH AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We joined the army in the early enthusiasm of 1914. We were very young, and we knew little of life, for our experiences had scarcely begun. What we did know had been learned chiefly from books, and we had gathered, not unnaturally, that human nature was very beautiful. Our lives and friendships were ideals culled from the war, and our patriotism was inspired by an exalted pride in our country. What we knew, in fact, was the ideal, and it was more than the real to us. We were happy that our country had gone to war, for we regarded it as a great adventure. We were going to do great things for one another, and for the folks at home. We were going to win fame and glory, so dear to man, and some day we should return triumphant, with bands playing and colors flying. Long before we left England many a man thrilled at the thought of that home-coming. We really believed that we were going to fight for freedom, as the Press and the Government told us. Indeed we were very young! The devil must have had a good laugh as he watched us at our mad military manœuvres, rehearsing our part for the great drama. But we did not think of the devil in those days. We only longed for the day when we should embark for active service to take our part in the great struggle of right against Prussian might. And at last the long-awaited day of departure came. With light hearts we said good-bye to those we loved. But we little knew the journey before us.

We were sent to a distant theatre of war. It is not pleasant to dwell on our suffering. At first we endured cheerfully and wrote cheerfully home. Then we endured silently, and wrote cheerful lies for the sake of them at home. But there came a time when we could endure no longer. Our pride, our courage, all that we held dear within us, were gone. Worst of all, we had lost that faith in our cause which alone could give us the will and the strength to endure, for we knew that this was not a war for freedom, but the result of political bungling and trickery. All around us were destruction and misery so terrible, so vast, that all joy and happiness had been blotted out of existence. It was the end of the world. Some men went mad with the horror of it. Others put an end to their suffering. Nothing that we were fighting for seemed to justify this great sacrifice. One thought alone sustained life and hope; the thought of those who were dear to us, anxiously waiting at home, and praying that we might come back to them. And in our distress we turned to them for aid. We wrote and told them the truth, and beseeched them, if they ever wanted to see us again, to do everything possible to stop the war, for our agony was greater than we could bear. We felt comforted then, and waited in confidence for a reply. After weeks of waiting, the letters so eagerly looked for arrived. But oh! the dismay when we read them! We had cried as drowning men for help; they did not so much as throw us a straw. In safety they stood on the bank and encouraged us—to stick it! They talked calmly of the ideals for which they were fighting, a free and better England, the freedom of small nations, and the destruction of Prussian militarism. And they were going to see it through. We tore their letters to shreds.

The bitter truth forced itself on us, that between us and the people at home was an insuperable barrier, a hopeless inability to feel and understand. In our greatest need they had failed us. They had reached the middle age of life, and comfort was their god. Their soul-possessing fear was that Germany might win, and upset their life of ease and plenty. They would not even consider peace till Germany was crushed, for a Germany unbeaten was a menace to their peace of mind. So to their God of Comfort we were sacrificed, for the spirit of Father Abraham reigned in the nations of Europe. Bitterly we thought what fools we had been to rush into a trap like this, and we envied our dead



comrades, who had at least been spared the pain of disillusion. For this was the greatest sorrow of all, to know that those we loved had betrayed us. We cursed the Press and the Government, who were gulling our fathers as they had gulled us in 1914. We cursed the war correspondents masking horror with glory and heroism. And we cursed the censor, carefully shielding his people's tender feelings against the truth. But nobody heard us. The war went on, war loans continued to be over-subscribed, and the world's slaughter-house continued to be a sound five per cent. investment.

When the armistice came we could hardly believe that our misery was ended. To us the war had become eternal, and we had long given up hope of seeing England again. We had ceased to care, and we could not rejoice, for the capacity for rejoicing was dead.

We who have returned are not the boys who went away four years ago. We are sad, wise men, old before our time, with the impress of horror on our souls. We can never forget what we have been through, nor our comrades who died for nothing. Nor can we forget that we were left to perish by the people we loved, by the very people who welcomed us home, the people to whom our hearts must ever be sealed. The veil has been torn from human nature and we stand aghast at its selfishness.

We have lost our ideals, and our faith in mankind—at least, in that part of mankind which stayed at home and won the war. And now life seems infinitely contemptible, without hope and without aim. We look in vain for that better England for which we were supposed to be fighting. The rich have grown richer and more grasping. They have exploited the patriotism of labor at home, even as they exploited the patriotism of youth on the battlefield. And the bulk of the nation is apathetic to it all. Instead of a better England we have a worse England—England grossly materialist, dominated by greed, and void of compassion. Not that we want compassion; or charity, or gratitude, or the slightest recompense. But we do appeal to every man and woman to revive that better nature which died during the war, and to join with us in helping England out of the degradation into which she has fallen.—Yours &c.,

A SOLDIER OF THE WAR.

## Letters to the Editor.

### "THE OUTRAGE ON IRELAND."

SIR,—THE NATION is one of a very few English papers which strive to place before their readers a fair estimation of foreign and British politics and polemics. For Russia THE NATION is the precursor making straight the path; Ireland THE NATION is as anxious correctly to discover to the English people. Sir, in the latter honorable design you cannot succeed until you yourself correctly discover Ireland. That, as is obvious from a leading article in your current issue, you have not done. In that article are found the following sentences:—

"The chief tragedy lies in the public indifference to happenings a few hours off our shores. . . . It [mankind] sees 'the negation of God erected into a system of Government' in Ireland and it remains inert. . . . The newspapers give no report to Irish affairs. Great demonstrations are held by the Irish in Britain, in Manchester, in Glasgow, and other cities, remarkable for numbers and energy; no one outside takes any notice at all. . . . In Parliament Liberalism and Labor are alike silent; and the voice of Ireland is no longer heard. One can see now what an error the Sinn Fein leaders made in refusing to come to the House of Commons."

The obvious comment upon this quotation is that the argument could hardly have been worse. If there be in England a deep ignorance of and a deeper indifference to Irish affairs; if great demonstrations in England itself, if international complications of immeasurable import outside England cannot stir from stupor or stupidity the English people or the English press, or the two English progressive parties, by what miracle the self-burial of seventy-three unknown Irish members in this rest-house of inertia could terminate

the ignorance and indifference of an entire race, remains still to be demonstrated.

But that which is obvious is often least important. The chiefest shortcoming in the passage quoted is contained in the last few lines: "One can see now what an error the Sinn Fein leaders made in refusing to come to the House of Commons." Whoever, sir, penned that sentence, has succeeded in overlooking the very life-spring of the present movement in Ireland. In this respect THE NATION is as indifferent as the nation which it condemns. And it is of less value to Ireland to have a friend who consistently misunderstands her than to have no friend at all.

The point missed by the writer of "The Outrage on Ireland" is Ireland's claim to nationhood—a considerable point. Ireland's leaders and their fellow-members refuse to come to the House of Commons because they are, and their people are, as conscious of possessing a country of their own as the Belgian deputies are conscious, who go neither to Paris nor to Berlin, but remain and legislate for Belgium in Brussels, its capital. For the seventy-three Irish members who stood for, and who now comprise the legislative body of an actually existent Irish Republic—for these seventy-three members to go to the House of Commons would be for them to disestablish the Republic which, at the command of their people, they have established, and to accept the foreign domination which, at the command of their people, they have opposed and are opposing. By the Irish people of to-day the English House of Commons is regarded exactly as is the Chinese House of Representatives or the French Chamber of Deputies—each for its own country more or less appropriate, but each having no connection with, or authority in, Ireland. Not to understand this is to destroy one's power to assist Ireland even by intention. To the majority of the Irish people the Irish Republic is a living, visible, functioning fact. Because this real Republic and its Parliament have the first claim and the only claim upon the attendance of seventy-three Irish members the English House of Commons is without them and will remain without them. When your contributor shall have grasped this outstanding feature of the present Irish situation, he will be more qualified to decide in detail the destiny of the Irish nation.

One further remark. It is clear that the writer of "The Outrage on Ireland" regards it as expedient for Irish members to take their seats in the English House and from this upholstered entrenchment to carry on an Irish campaign of the style "not of the later Nationalism, but of the earlier Parnell." Sir, from the point of view of expediency, even did principle not pre-determine the question, Ireland should avoid the House of Commons. Were the campaign of the "earlier Parnell" fought entirely in Ireland and away from the influences of the English House, it would never have become the "later Nationalism" which even you tacitly condemn. To us the House of Commons has always been the fountain-head of failure. In Grattan's Colonial Parliament it was the subjectivity of the ministers of the Irish Government to English political influence which made the buying and the selling of the Union possible. Since Grattan's Parliament disappeared we have been the victims of a century of such aggression that our population is to-day half what it was seventy years ago—even the Poles under Prussia continued to thrive numerically—and in spite of that semi-extinction of our people the yearly taxation we now pay is an increase of 2,000 per cent. over that which we paid for twice the population a hundred years ago. Since Grattan's Parliament disappeared our shipping has been destroyed, our industries have been stifled, our natural resources have remained undeveloped, and our emaciated population have been educated into a national ignorance which is counted the greatest calamity of all by a proud race which was the child-mate of history. The Acts of Parliament which produced this tumbling torrent of outrage were passed in that English House of Commons to which you, sir, desire us again to give our attention. To those who, having eyes, see, the relationship between the English House and the Irish people recently explained itself. For a hundred years Ireland sent a majority of representatives to that House to demand self-government. It was generation after generation refused. Last April twelve-month Ireland sent a majority of representatives to oppose conscription. It



was carried in three weeks! But at last "the comedy is ended." Did principle allow Ireland's representatives to attend a foreign people's Parliament, expediency would prevent. Did expediency now or in the future ever demand that Ireland's representatives attend a foreign people's Parliament, you may, sir, rest assured that principle will prevent.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS D. GALLAGHER.

4, Wilton Place, Dublin.

#### THE ROUMANIANS IN HUNGARY.

SIR,—It is hard to deal with a writer so self-confident as Dr. Munro. "It is not necessary," he says, "to point out to me how Hungary has been divided and how it is governed. I know all about it." And when confronted with crass misstatements about the Roumanian Land Act, he merely says, "I am not prepared to answer what Dr. Seton-Watson says. . . . My opinion is that he is quite wrong." I for my part, though I have been studying Hungarian conditions for the last fourteen years, do most certainly *not* claim to "know all about it": and not having been in Transylvania since the Armistice, I freely admit that I am at a disadvantage as against Dr. Munro who has.

Excesses have undoubtedly been committed by the Roumanian troops, but Dr. Munro will not help matters by ignoring the fact—deplorable and indefensible, but due to human nature, not to Roumanian character—that they have been taking their revenge for the outrageous behavior of the Magyars in Roumania in 1917-18, and for the centuries of oppression from which the Roumanian peasantry of Transylvania has suffered at the hands of the dominant Magyar caste. The new administration is naturally as yet far from perfect, but its heads are honest and enlightened men, who would not be deaf to friendly representations, instead of fiery denunciation in the foreign Press.

What Dr. Munro has to say about judges and university men acting as porters or cobblers is not confined to Transylvania, and it may well be that individuals have been the victims of harshness or personal revenge. But he is obviously unaware of the systematic policy pursued by the Hungarian Government for a generation past, which resulted in the over-production of Magyar officials and the growth of an intellectual proletariat. This policy, due partly to the decay of the old gentry class and its political pressure for posts (especially in the "county" administration), was pushed still further for purposes of Magyarization, and went parallel with the virtual exclusion of Roumanians, Slovaks, &c., from official careers. The policy is now bankrupt, and Dr. Munro is witnessing its dire effects, without understanding its causes.

In his first letter he led you to suppose that an oath of allegiance is being exacted from everyone. His second letter confirms my contention that "the oath is only demanded from those who wish to hold official positions." But he does not answer when I ask whether he disapproves of this practice, which prevails in almost every Continental country. Does he seriously expect the Roumanian authorities—especially before even the conclusion of peace—to leave official posts in the hands of men who are openly working against Roumanian unity and for the territorial integrity of the old Hungary?

I quoted the concrete statement of the Saxon leader, Herr Brandsch (now elected to the Roumanian Parliament) that the Roumanians had made a grant of eight million crowns to Saxon schools and churches, and opened German schools in the Banat, where they were never allowed by the Magyars. Dr. Munro tries to invalidate this by the entirely irrelevant statement that he found five Parliamentary candidates "imprisoned" at Fogaras. The camp to which he refers contains persons charged with Bolshevik agitation, and when he was there, the electoral campaign had not begun anywhere.

As regards the schools, Dr. Munro is under a misapprehension. In Transylvania everything turns on the distinction between *State* and *denominational* schools. The former were entirely Magyarized (628 elementary *State* schools—all Magyar, and 94 out of the 118 communal schools). These and the State Kindergärten (a special instrument of Magyarization) and the State middle schools have all been taken over by the Roumanian State, the Roumanian language

introduced and the Magyar teachers given a certain period to pass a Roumanian examination and take the oath. Those who refuse to take either of these steps are dismissed. Meanwhile the far more numerous denominational schools (1,889 elementary in Transylvania, of which 412 Magyar) are left in the hands of their respective Church authority: the language of the majority in the particular district becomes automatically the language of instruction. On this basis the Magyars and Saxons will retain a proper proportion of schools in their own language. No one who compares the new educational system with that in vogue under the Magyars (especially since the iniquitous Apponyi Education Acts of 1907) will find much to complain of. But it is, of course, obvious that in a country where for a generation past Magyarization was the main aim of every teacher, and where the Roumanian masses were deliberately kept as illiterate as possible by the authorities, there is a great deal of headway to make up. Another generation is bound to elapse before education can hope to be really effective throughout the country. Those who only inspect Magyar "show" schools (as I did on my first visit to Hungary!) or do not know how to read between the lines of Magyar statistics, will reach very strange conclusions.

Dr. Munro's two letters are conclusive proof that the much-maligned Roumanian authorities allowed him to travel everywhere, even in the military zones, and to inspect prisons and internment camps and converse with their inmates. Was not this a sufficient act of grace on their part to have made it incumbent upon any fair-minded and honest man to lay his *græmiana* (a favorite Magyar word) before them, before rushing into print? And yet I challenge him to name a single Transylvanian leader of any prominence or weight with whom he deigned to discuss the situation, or to deny that he habitually associated with Magyars rather than Roumanians. I think, then, that I am entitled to regard it as a gratuitous insult when he ends his letter by insinuating that when I visit Transylvania all Magyars seen talking to me will be arrested when my back is turned.

The Roumanians, especially of Transylvania, look to us for help and sympathy in bringing order out of chaos. They do not claim to be perfect, and if treated as allies and friends, they can swallow plenty of frank criticism. But by giving prominence to this indiscriminate and hectoring abuse of their cause, you are merely helping the propagandists who aim at restoring, first Hungary's territorial integrity, and then the Hapsburgs and general reaction.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. SETON-WATSON.

December 10th, 1919.

[Mr. Watson's copious corrections and assurances will carry more weight when he has had Dr. Munro's personal experience of the ruin for which Mr. Watson's own propaganda has its share of responsibility.—ED., NATION.]

#### SCIENCE AND SCHOLASTICISM.

SIR,—Professor Whitehead's friendly letter in your current issue almost disarms me, and, if I proceed with the discussion, it is not because I am unaware of many points of agreement or lightly esteem Professor Whitehead's own line of thought, but merely that he seems to me to be doing an injustice to Aristotle and the Scholastics in attributing to them the erroneous notions of space and time and matter that have prevailed in the scientific world for the last few centuries.

Aristotle was neither omniscient nor infallible, though some of his followers, fascinated by the wonderful coherence of his system, may at times have come very near to regarding him in some such light. He did not, needless to say, anticipate either Einstein or Newton in the matter of gravitation. Nor did he apply the notion of relativity to the motion of the sun and the earth. Had he done so, Galileo might not have been condemned by a committee of Roman theologians who happened also to be Aristotelians. It is a pity that mistake was made, the more so as it was not made in the case of Galileo's predecessor, Copernicus. It is also a pity that Galileo, unlike Copernicus, should have endeavored to sustain his theory by scriptural arguments. For the mistake itself Aristotle is less to blame than those of his enthusiastic disciples who converted his astronomical hypotheses into objective fact—a common enough mistake

even nowadays. But be that as it may, neither Aristotle nor his followers are to blame for the fact that until recently science has been apt to swallow wholesale the false with the true in Newtonian physics.

In his original article in your issue of November 15th Professor Whitehead says: "Space is only a way of expressing connections between materials which are nominally said to be in space. Accordingly, there cannot be first space and then things to put in it, any more than there can be first the grin and then the cat to fit on to it." In his fourteenth lecture on the Fourth Book of Aristotle's Physics St. Thomas says:—

"if the dimensions of (say) a cubic body do not differ in nature from the dimensions of *place*, why is it necessary to assign a place to bodies over and above the proper body of each, seeing that *place* is nothing but body itself considered in abstraction from its sensible transmutations? Since bodies have their own dimension, it is in no wise necessary to place around them other dimensions of 'space' corresponding to their dimensions."

Professor Whitehead and St. Thomas, it seems to me, are here agreed as against the Newtonian physicist. To postulate a *spatium separatum*, whether *dimensionatum* or not, and to say that it exists *a parte rei* is a statement "*inaniter et absque ratione et veritate dictum*."

Similar remarks apply to "time," which was even more clearly conceived by Scholastics than was "place," owing to the fact that what they say of the latter is vitiated to some extent by an erroneous idea of gravity. Time, as such, is an *ἀριθμός*, a numbering or counting or mode of measurement, applicable to successive events. It is the succession of events, not our method of dealing with them in calculation, that is real in the physical sense. Professor Whitehead apparently would like me to say more than this, for he complains that here I am "distressingly vague at the crucial point where it is rather difficult to reconcile relativity with common sense." By this he seems to mean that I do not frankly state, as he does, that "there is in nature no absolute simultaneity." But neither does Einstein, if I understand him aright, nor yet Professor Eddington in his "Report on the Relativity Theory of Gravitation." What they seem to me to say is not that simultaneity does not exist in nature (*i.e.*, that no two events ever happen together), but simply that from the very nature of things it is impossible for us, human beings, with the means that lie at our disposal to determine simultaneity with absolute precision.

In regard to Professor Whitehead's contention that science got its concept of "matter" from the Scholastics, and my contention that the Scholastic concept of "matter" is something radically and fundamentally and utterly different, I can only refer those who would judge between us either to Aristotle or St. Thomas or to *any*, literally *any*, Scholastic treatise, modern or ancient, on metaphysics. "Matter" for the Scholastic, for Aristotle, is essentially the potential or determinable principle in things, of which *ἐντελέχεια* is the process by which they become determined, and "act" or "entelechy" or "form" the complete determination in regard to the *potentia* in question. The idea of immutable "elements" is a notion utterly foreign to Scholasticism. All "forms," except the human "form" or soul, are subject to generation and decay; and with that sole exception (based on the fact of intelligence) all forms, even substantial forms, may and do give place one to another under given conditions. It is true that *ὑλη* or "matter" was said to persist under different forms, just as "energy" is now said to persist under different forms. But "matter" is not "substance," which consists of matter *and* form; is, in fact, potentiality actualized. Neither was this or that substance said to persist when its "form" had given place to another. If present-day conceptions of "matter" are erroneous, it is certainly *not* the fault of Scholasticism. Rather is it due to the fact that since Newton's day Natural Philosophy has deliberately shut its eyes to, and ignored, Scholasticism, which has none the less not received its death blow, but is alive and—in a friendly way—"kicking."

—Yours, &c.,

LESLIE J. WALKER, S.J.

December 15th, 1919.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED., NATION.]

## Poetry.

### THE DIVINE COMEDY.

THE eve is calm and magical  
(Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done),  
The red globes of the apple-trees  
Shine quietly in the evening sun.  
Beyond the ever-flowing source  
From which the apple-tree proceeds  
Was He Who is its life and force  
In Principio.

(But not for that we tell our beads.)  
The Eternal Wisdom found it wise  
To beg for alms in mean disguise;  
The Eternal Sweetness thought it sweet  
To sing at Christmas in the street;  
The Eternal Goodness deemed it good  
To seek a rest on the hard wood.  
He rested not in changeless bliss,  
His journey was a thought of His  
In Principio.

This night of winter, dark and dour,  
The apple-trees are all in flower;  
The Shepherds first see God made Man;  
The Emperor knows the news at Rome;  
Forth fares the star-led caravan  
Of exiles turning to their Home  
In Præsepio.

The stable is to-night a Church,  
The parrot cries upon his perch:  
"In excelsis gloria";  
He cries, a creature outside Time,  
As all the hours and quarters chime:  
"In sæculorum sæcula";  
His best Latin all he brings  
To praise the little King of Kings  
In Præsepio;  
He cries as he beats his wings:  
"In Principio."

Comprehensor doth appear  
In Viator's garments dressed;  
God who seeks for motion here  
Meets with man who seeks for rest:  
Joseph joins in, cracked and slow,  
As they sing who sang "Io"  
In Principio.  
His infinite prison God has left;  
All the clocks tell His escape;  
This free adventure of His will  
Now has taken earthly shape.  
His timeless Heaven, His deathless course  
He joyed to leave for Earth to sail  
And enter at a lowly port;  
Now Earth's greeting doth not fail.  
The parrot cries with shaking tail:  
"In Via";  
Mary hears the parrot's hail,  
"Ave Maria."  
A lies here and the great O  
In Præsepio.

In the night is heard afar  
A song made in Mantua,  
A rhapsody wherein is told  
Of a child as good as gold.  
The cock crows and crows again,  
"Qui-qui-ré-qui" like cocks in Spain:  
The parrot's voice is high and shrill,  
But the cock crows louder still.  
The busy priests they come and go  
(They are such men as mortals be),  
For now on earth the stage is set,  
Each priest becomes a marionette,  
Performing in a puppet-show,  
In that unending puppet-show  
The sun stands still to see.  
The Angels tune their violins  
For now the Comedy begins  
In Præsepio.

R. L. G.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, TUESDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Archaic England." By Harold Bayley. (Chapman & Hall. 25s.)

"Flora." By Pamela Bianco, with Verses by Walter de la Mare. (Heinemann. 25s.)

✓ "The Peace in the Making." By H. Wilson Harris. (Swarthmore Press. 6s.)

"Pathways to Christian Unity: A Free Church View." By Arthur Black, G. E. Darlaeton, W. E. Orchard, Wm. Paton, J. H. Squire, and Malcolm Spencer. (Macmillan. 6s.)

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ABOUT eighteen months ago, I gave an account in this page of that "fantastic, great old man," Charles Watterton, whose autobiography certainly does not "deridify the reader, nor cause a frown upon his face." I suppose that Frank Buckland, Inspector of Fisheries, whose life was written by George Bompas in 1886, is not so damp with Lethe as Watterton, his twin in glory. But he is not now on the lips of all men as he once was, and I fancy that a stroll through the pages of that admirable life, compiled largely from Buckland's own journals and diaries, will be welcome.

\* \* \*

POSSIBLY some of the older generation still remember Buckland personally, for a man who was always losing the snakes and lizards and guinea-pigs and toads out of his pockets at a dinner-party or at a casual meeting is not likely to be soon forgotten. To natural history he was born, for a clergyman once brought some "very curious fossils" to Dr. Buckland's house, when his son was four years old, and "Frankie," being asked what they were, lisped "they are the vertebrae of an ichthyosaurus." At Winchester and Christ Church, and, indeed, all his life he was surrounded by specimens alive and dead, and the famous collection of casts he presented to the South Kensington Museum can hardly have outnumbered the pet animals that he loved. You should not patronize animals, he used to say, but "meet them in a friendly manner," and the strange and moving words he uttered on his deathbed:—

"God is so good, so very good to the little fishes, I do not believe He would let their inspector suffer shipwreck at last. I am going a long journey where I think I shall see a great many curious animals. This journey I must go alone."

are a sufficient comment upon the passion of his life. "My object in life," he says in one of his Oxford diaries with quaintly sententious simplicity, "is to be a great high priest of nature and a great benefactor of mankind." There were flaws in Buckland's understanding, natural to his age, and he was never a great thinker, but in his jovial, masculine, indefatigable way, the end crowned the work. After leaving the University, he was for nearly ten years a surgeon in the Life Guards, but for the whole of the rest of his life (he died of his exertions when he was fifty-four) he devoted himself to natural history, including his literary notes upon animal life and his editorship of "Land and Water," which he founded, but most of all to his darling study—fish culture. Of birds he knew little, and unlike Watterton, whose eccentricities were an unconscious means of making newly-propagated truths palatable, he made some odd mistakes about them. But he saved our sea-birds for posterity all the same, it being through his efforts that the first protection law was passed.

\* \* \*

THE story of Buckland's dealings with trout and salmon is one of the most fascinating of all the good ones in the romance of real life. Like that of all true men, his life was one long fight against the vested interests of money, stupidity, and blind self-interest, and, but for him, the order *Salmo* would now have been part of the vanished British fauna. One may say that practically the whole of his life was spent in securing a free passage for salmon from the

sea to their spawning grounds. The perils and toils of the Argo were nothing to that of the poor salmon making his way past seals at the estuaries, nets, weirs, steamers, poachers, waste and refuse pollutions, &c., until Buckland's herculean efforts enabled Mistress Salmon to stir up the gravel with her tail and lay her eggs in peace. He gives the most heartrending descriptions of the salmon trying in vain to leap the weirs, congested in the pools below "like the street cabs and omnibuses, when the Londoners are out 'reforming.'" Time and again they were hurled violently back, "like the pictures we see of soldiers of old thrown down headlong from the ramparts of a besieged city." So he set to work making ladders for them over the weirs. "Wait a bit, my dear fish," he would say, and one day "you shall jump for joy and not for pain," and on one occasion he pinned a large piece of paper on the weir, which read as follows:—

"NOTICE TO SALMON AND BULL-TROUT."

"No road at present over this weir. Go down stream, take the first turn to the right, and you will find good travelling water up stream, and no jumping required. —F.T.B."

\* \* \*

As his biographer says of him, he strove, so far as is possible to man, "to enter into the feelings of a salmon." He entered into them so well that, having an aquatic genius without an aquatic body, he became a martyr to his knowledge. The long working in icy water, putting up fish ladders, collecting ova for shipment to lands unblest with salmon, &c., killed him in the end, and he saved the salmon at the expense of his own life. His attitude to Darwinism was curious and interesting. He flatly denied evolution upon the doctrine of teleology: i.e., that every organ is adapted to a special use. "In my humble opinion," he said, "Nature always economizes material to its utmost extent," and the element of design is in all created things. Darwin, he declared, denied this evidence of divinity in Nature, because the theory of evolution builds up the universe "on notions of chance or mere properties of matter."

\* \* \*

HE was one of the first naturalists to realize the interdependent fabric of nature as a whole—what Professor Thomson calls "the web of life," and he loathed the predatory method of putting a foot (or a cloven hoof) through it, as much as he feared the inevitable reaction from it. "Fight against nature, you will be beaten; go with her, she will assist you"; and "by careful observation we find out what Nature's laws are, and endeavor to obey them." Nature once vindicated him in a more dramatic way than she is accustomed. It was decided that the bull-trout in the Coquet were increasing to the detriment of the salmon. Accordingly war was declared, and 70,000 of them slain in five years. Then in the fifth year an army of 50,000 bull-trout swarmed up the river, devoured all the little salmon, and annexed the Coquet to the confusion of the latter's allies.

\* \* \*

BUCKLAND's appointment as Inspector of Fisheries was a rare instance of a man filling the place for which nature had exactly fitted him, and it says much for the good sense of the Government of the day that they did not regard it as impossible for a whimsical and a practical turn to co-exist in the same personality. Prince Christian made him his zoological superintendent, and visitors to his private museum, with the casts of his fishes and whales, came in queues. Once a parcels delivery van drove up with a gorilla for casting, and "when his unfortunate wife returned to her home she found Frank in high spirits and the gorilla in even higher." It says, indeed, great things for Buckland's strong and cheerful sociability that so many people came to brave the jungle terrors of his home in order to see him. But if he was one of the most personable of men, he was as well one of the hardest workers who ever lived. And surely if a man works for but a whelk (as Buckland did in his shrewd, impetuous, self-sacrificing way) he has accomplished more glory and justified his existence more completely than any other man who works only for himself.

H. J. M.



## Reviews.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

WHATEVER century we study we shall find it possessing an individuality that is as clearly stamped on its fashions and turns of speech as on its thoughts and deeds. For this reason the personalities of an epoch seem like a crowd that, when it passes across the shaft of light thrown from a pane of colored glass, is so steeped in the tone of it as to be momentarily transformed. This effect of unity is a matter of stress and accent: when human nature is in an expanding mood we get the times of Elizabeth that by one and the same impulse beget both seafarers and heaven-scaling geniuses. At another period men are moved by the sense of how hard it is to be good, and Puritanism being born, repression becomes the new note.

The accent of the nineteenth century was on form: in science it was the age that told the story of species-creation; in politics it developed nationalism and laid the foundation of empires; in history and literature it drew characters in the round that start out vividly from their background and owe nothing to the art of the bas-relief; its social scheme was a highly elaborate class system. In our age all this is in process of change, and already the stress is laid, not on form, but on consciousness. The newest branch of science to-day is that of psychology where research is partly concerned with the recesses of submerged memory. The very use of the phrase "life-force" is significant of this, and Bergson is preoccupied, not with pure instinct or pure reason, but with the "urge" of life and the states of consciousness in which it shows itself. More and more in politics the main question becomes, "What do the people desire?" rather than, "What frontier line will be strategic?" For self-determination is nothing more than consciousness in the racial mode, while already it is class-consciousness in the different sections of society that is the most difficult problem of home government.

To the generation that is coming life and the sensations of it will be all in all. Even now the present generation allows scarcely lip-service to duty and depends for guidance almost entirely on sensitiveness.

But to a century which, like the nineteenth, turned its attention especially towards forms and the laws that have produced them it was natural that consciousness should have seemed a comparatively simple thing. A certain kind of consciousness went with the human form; another, presumably, with the animal. And that was the end of the business. Darwinians neither concerned themselves with the question of how consciousness is connected with form nor with the subtleties of sensation in man and animal. Their heads being turned in one direction, they naturally saw in that direction only. What they saw was a being moving on the lighted stage: having shown how he got there, they were but little concerned to know what influences might be acting on him from the wings or how he reacted towards these influences. But this absorption in form gives to the creative and critical work of the nineteenth-century masters a power and trenchancy which nothing in our time can equal. In the tragedy of wealth as drawn by Balzac, the tragedy of history by Carlyle, in the comedy of society given by Thackeray, of the people by Dickens, the scenes are in the light and shadow of broad daylight, and the personalities which move across the foreground make our analytic creations seem like figures of the moonlight, born of dream. Everything in that age was rounded and complete. You could draw lines round events and people, while between right and wrong folks thought there was a great gulf.

Everything in our attitude is changed, mainly because of our attitude towards consciousness. Man is now, to our thinking, not simply what the ages have made him. He is still all that ever he was. Nothing has ever been really left behind, though all is, as it has always been, in process of transformation. To the Victorian it was a case of letting the ape and tiger die: he moved upwards working out the beast. We seem to have to carry the beast with us all the long way we have to go, and not the beast only, but the cell and possibly the very plant and mineral consciousness,

as some would say. There would seem to be no humblest stage of early life that is really lost in the depths of human memory when that is tapped "below the threshold."

This view, instinctive only as yet, is already producing in religion a strange and, to the orthodox, almost blasphemous demand that Christian practice shall cease to focus its attention exclusively on the personality of its Founder and shall couple with that ideal of spirituality the conception of the life of nature out of which spirituality has evolved, so that once more the miracle of spring and fall shall be recalled in churches by something more significant than Easter palms or the corn-sheaves and marrows of Harvest Festival. All is one great whole, both visible and invisible: the more deeply consciousness is probed, the more clear becomes the vision of that seamless garment which is life.

It is this notion of the unity of life which is upsetting most of our conceptions of duty. The orderly boundaries of the Victorian conception of personality, both human and divine, are gone. Colonel Newcome's idea of Heaven was of a place where one answers *Adsum* to a divine Master. And neither the Colonel nor his creator had the slightest inkling of a region beyond Good and Evil in any earthly sense of reward or punishment. Compare, for instance, the retribution of the spirit suffered by Raskolnikov in "Crime and Punishment" with that felt by the criminal trying to escape from the arm of the law. In the former all the poignant drama goes on within the mind itself, in the other the story is just the several stages by which the noose is fitted to the neck. We are here, literally, in contact with two worlds, and with the realization of the mental overworld the first Victorian boundary of personality has gone. Beyond even that world there can be dimly desecrated yet another where the passions of the mind give way to the passions of the soul, and where all is so shapeless, formless, and void that the mental overworld seems solid beside it. Yet in that third world, too, infinite passions move of love and hate. But these overworlds were as unknown to the typical creators of personality in the early nineteenth century as was that sub-world of nature which memory shows us as still persisting in the human consciousness.

The simple, upright human form which was the Victorian idea of personality has given way before the conception of a being borne on two wings, poised between two forces, living a life that on one side links him with the animal world, and on the other with the formless worlds of mind and spirit. Man is the living bridge between these worlds, and the greatest artists of the new century are instinctively reacting to this conception. The old dogmatism has given way before the fluid sense of worlds that interact. The barriers are down, or going down, everywhere, both in the world of action and in the world of thought. As a ruling concept form is gone, lost in an ocean of consciousness.

There seems to have been only one man in the nineteenth century who felt the change that was coming, who felt it with dread and horror. That man was Thomas Carlyle. And he, for all his gift of sight, was like a blind man who scents the coming change of dawn before those with sight are awake. To Carlyle the coming spirit was that of mere anarchy, and although his mind, moving easily along the roads of history, could think in ages and realize the changing ideals of the generations, it could not produce a faith great enough to face what seemed like hideous lawlessness.

In building up the portrait of Carlyle we must start with the strange keenness of his senses, particularly of sight and hearing. In every way he both saw and heard more than other men. That top storey of Number 5, Cheyne Row, which was turned into a sound-proof refuge against the din of cats, cochin-chinas, macaws, barrel-organs, scales and demon-fowls, is the symbol of his place in history. For internally, as though by a spiritual duplication of power, he heard what he would fain have avoided hearing, the rough bourdon, like that of imprisoned waters, of the change in human ideals which was going to sweep away the structure of nineteenth-century life. And the more clearly he heard this menace of democracy the more fiercely did he build his breakwaters of defence. Of his sense of sight Emerson writes: "Nothing seems hid from those wonderful eyes of yours; those devouring eyes; those thirsty eyes; those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes of thine." He both

saw and foresaw as no other man of his age did, perhaps as no other man ever has. In his later years he is like a beast in a cage who, as he claws his bars, by instinct senses the drawing near of the flames which are to burn those bars to ashes. But the pathos of the situation is that Carlyle believed with all his soul that these bars were the only means by which mankind could be kept from destruction.

On those old Cameronian graves of the Carlyles is the Carlyle coat-of-arms, two griffins with adders' stings. It is an extraordinarily suitable symbol, since Thomas sums up in his make the characteristics of a breed that was as stark in thought as it was precise and vigorous in language. He says of his father: "Nothing did I ever hear him undertake to render visible which did not become almost ocularly so." Could any words be found that more accurately describe the way in which the author of "The French Revolution" made visible that which he saw with the eyes of the mind? To this racial gift for realization nothing comes hidden in cloud: both father and son deal only in definite sight. The elders of the kirk dispute at the meeting-house door over the question of the resurrection. Says Carlyle the elder: "Robert Scott was for the same body rising again—I observed that I thought a stinking clogg of a body like Robert Scott the weaver's would be very unfit to inhabit those places." To what forgotten genius of the past do we owe that adder's sting on the Carlyle griffin? Of this same father we learn that "in anger he had no need of oaths; his words were like sharp arrows that smote into the very heart"; that he appropriated all manner of potent words, painting the most perfect pictures with them "in full white sunlight."

This hereditary gift of vision it was that made the warp and woof of Carlyle's genius as prophet and artist. From his mother came the tenderness that made him human, the pity for the transitory and evil life of man, together with a certain hope in better things—somewhere undefined by him, though known by her. In this tender tone he speaks of his forbears: "They are gone now, vanished all; their poor little bits of clothes; their little life, it is all away. It has all melted into the still sea." The inspiration of this is the same as that of his most magnificent passage:—

"Where, now, is Alexander of Macedon; does the steel host that yelled in fierce battle shouts at Issus and Arbela remain behind; or have they all vanished utterly even as perturbed goblins must? . . . Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand million walking the earth openly at noontide; . . . These limbs, whence have we them; this strong force; this life-blood with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow."

It is this manner of man who is even to-day the touchstone of our age as he was in life of his own. For with the intensity of realization that was his birthright he saw the structure that the Time Spirit was building, yet saw that it was but transitory, as transitory as the ghosts who build all human things. All the contradictions of thought which have so puzzled Carlyle's biographers are explained if we realize that the place where two tides meet is apt to be marked by a line of foaming breakers.

Ever since the Stone Age mankind has practically been engaged in one task only: that is, in learning to work together. There are still only two conceivable ways in which this co-operation can be accomplished—the one by the caste system imposed on all by the authority of a few, and the other the spiritual system imposed by the spontaneous goodwill of all men working together. The tragedy and the power of Carlyle's life is that he, out of all the men in his own age, perceived with that eagle vision of his that he stood at the point where the caste system was fatally undermined, even though it might seem to have reached its most splendid point. Everywhere he saw in his later days the creeping in of that personal will-power which to him meant anarchy and social dissolution. Like a man on a ledge which the tide must cover, he trembles at every hiss of the advancing power. It is in the midst of that social dissolution which Carlyle foresaw that we are living to-day. Where he looked out on one phase of revolution, as between landlordism and commercialism, we behold the deadlier strife of industrialism and capitalism. But Carlyle was not deceived, nor must we be: behind these outer conflicts the battle of the spirit is always one, between caste order and spiritual order, between co-operation by force and co-operation by goodwill.

From first to last Carlyle is incapable of seeing any beauty in the social order that is not founded on obedience, rooted in authority, and based on the law of the strong man. And by strong man he meant the man who can impose his will on others, who can carve out a design in human destiny as a man cuts a shape from wood. Such men make the laws and customs which put both individuals and nations in their proper place; such men, when they impose an ideal on their day and generation, create also, as the sole ideal of "duty," the conception of obedience to that ideal. By this process alone could Carlyle conceive of order being brought into human affairs. The watchword of the whole is action, bringing things to pass by moulding masses of men into thinking a common thought. The whole current of national and imperial life in Western Europe ran, in Carlyle's time, in this direction: towards the building up of new forms of world-trade, towards the welding of races into nations and of nations into empires, under the influence of the Saxon or the Teuton. Carlyle's part in all this was that of conscience-keeper. He had to supply the spiritual excuse for all this flamboyant activity. And nobly he did it, voicing a splendid creed for commercialism, militarism, imperialism, for activism in fact, that very creed which now we poetically name the White Man's burden. At one moment he was the scourge of the century, when he saw it ignobly going after pleasure, and at another its trumpeter, especially when he saw the Strong Man, such as Frederick the Great, deifying the impulse of the period by some supreme fulfilment of purpose. Carlyle's gospel of work, of lead and fight for leadership, for the right to guide the masses, "mostly fools," fell in most aptly with the temper of the time. Austere and truth-telling as Carlyle was, by the irony of that most ironical god, the nature of things, his gospel of work and duty was yet the most powerful instrument of hypocrisy in all the nineteenth-century history. It is, of course, true that if Carlyle had never been born, Britain would still have grown into a great commercial Power and Germany into a first-class military one. The births of Watt, of Crompton, of Frederick of Prussia, and of peoples pliable to the impulse of the Time Spirit, would still have taken place. The purpose of the ages would have been fulfilled. Yet what he did was to provide for these expanding nations the fine conception that the English and, *pari passu*, the German people, were the appointed leaders of destiny. And no man can say this was not so. Yet—it is inevitable—seen from the standpoint of to-day, these claims seem sinister rather than splendid, for the Russian wireless has told something of the secret story of that assumption of the White Man's burden.

Yet, in fact, the prophet of the age was a deeply unhappy man, and this not simply because he savored the coming of change. For in all these forms of power that were being built round him he could not truly rejoice with all his honest heart. There were indeed but two forms from which to choose, the commercial and the military. And in no aristocracy of the moneybag was it possible for a Carlyle to take joy. He was driven on the military ideal perforce and made the best of it, idealizing Prussianism and forgetting the devil's wedlock of the sword and the moneybag till he writes:—

"Who conquered anarchy and chained it everywhere under their feet? Not the Jews, with their morbid imaginations and foolish sheepskin Targums. The Norse with their steel swords guided by fresh valiant hearts and clear veracious understandings, they were *THEY*, and not the Jews. The supreme splendor will be seen there, I should imagine, and not in Palestine or Houndsditch any more."

No, not in Palestine. Carlyle had no eye for the strength of a Christ.

None the less, as we look back at Carlyle's dream of human order, we may still feel the nostalgia of desire for some golden age. Is it not noble, peaceful, for all the shadow of the sword across it? "The universe is a monarchy and a hierarchy, the noble in the high places, the ignoble in the low; this is in all time and places the Almighty Maker's law." And "Cannot one discern, across all democratic turbulence, clattering of ballot-boxes and infinite sorrowful jangle, that this is at bottom the wish and prayer of all human hearts everywhere: Give me a leader?" To the man who thought this, Prussia was the centre of stability and Frederick the one genuine figure of the eighteenth century.



Yet Carlyle's Kingdom of Heaven was passing, and he alone knew it, though, like a frenzied man, he tried to go on building his palace of power. It was, to his fancy, like a house made of ice and the south-west wind was blowing strongly, though it seemed that none but he could feel its breath. In nothing is Carlyle's foresight more clearly shown than in the way he resisted the most subtle advance of the new spirit which was to overthrow those socialized forms that were his ideals. It came in the form of the Darwinian theory, and to him that "gorilla damnification of humanity" was an idea which he feared might be true. And yet it ought naturally to have struck him as seemly that "fools" should have apes for ancestors. In reality, the Darwinian cosmogony, by establishing the unity of life-forms, lays the axe at the root of all claim to the authority of special creation. Not Odin, but an anthropoid: what could more surely destroy the idea of the right divine of the white man or of any other order of man? To him, who looked upon great men as the thoughts of God made incarnate, it was horrible to dream that God thought too, through anthropoid, nay, through frog-spawn. He could not perform in himself the great mental miracle which lands one in the new age—of seeing in every form of humble transitory life a consciousness fundamentally as divine as it is in forms of life that are, to our sight, both noble and enduring. That is what Darwinism, evolution, implies: a new idea of genesis that overthrows all idea of orders of creation and the authority that comes from them. Here was, philosophically, the point of ultimate overthrow: Carlyle accordingly resisted it.

As an artist Carlyle treats history as though he were a picaresque novelist built on the grand scale. Always he is ruled by those marvellous senses of his: every event comes to him in scenes, every man moves in the midst of landscapes; he hears the murmuring of multitudes, the stirring of the blood as well as the rattle of artillery or the flow of rhetoric. He cannot write his "Frederick" till he has seen the battle-fields, the Prussian cities. When he has seen, the history unrolls before him like a vast forest rustling with live figures from Barbarossa onwards. His is the creative gift of the cathedral builders, fecund, clear-cut, infinitely alive. He sees creation unrolling in shapes and figures. And to see a man is the bedrock of his art, as to hear the march of peoples is the final feat of his magic. History is to him a series of crises working to curtains, and he who rings down the curtain is God himself, for his heroes are those who make visible to the senses some conception that before was buried in the heart of the Unseen. The qualities that come not forth into the daylight have no existence for Carlyle. In his "French Revolution" whatever can be visualized is molten into shape by creative fire, and some of his finest scenes are those of mass action. Never, perhaps, has a tale been more gloriously told than the march of the six thousand men of Marseilles "who knew how to die," and of that song of Rouget de Lille which was inspired by it. Carlyle writes the episode like a flaming line across a smouldering page. He makes a great Belshazzar feast of the Hall of the Jacobins: it is literally painted in the strange light that broods over earthquake time. Equally powerful is the sense given of gathering, ever-rising efficiency in the French people under foreign attack. Mr. Churchill, one must assume, has never read these pages, truly a curious gap in the education of a Bolshevik-tamer.

As long as Carlyle can see the stage where men do things, as long as he can even feel with those who suffer, he is unapproachable. The people were to him but sheep, lost and leaderless on the hills of time. But he could suffer with them, could share their hunger and their rage. Nothing pierces the heart more than Carlyle's vignettes of poverty. Poor men who starve and great men who play the knave have never been painted as he could paint them. But Sansculottism is to him but the maddened rage of starving cattle; what Bolshevism is to the fancy of to-day. Of the great mystery as to how the ideals of a new world of social justice could arise from a crude outburst of passion tortured into action, Carlyle can tell us nothing. He sees men walking, fighting, dying, but he has no key to open those secret places where intuition grows into thought and thought into ideal under impulses that are more mysterious than the winds of heaven. Men's minds grow rapidly in times of storm: of this growth Carlyle reckons not at all. He gives us

the emerging of the Jacobins in a series of thumb-nail sketches of their leaders; he gives us the truculence of Mirabeau, his power over the mob. And that is all. Of the central fact of the whole, the crystallization of passion into thought, into political theory, Carlyle knows nothing except that—it was blown away by a whiff of grape shot. And yet, so far from being so scattered, that thought thus passion-born has been worked into a complete scientific theory. Carlyle's vision failed him here simply because what was wanted was not insight, but the faculty of reasoning true. And Carlyle was no reasoner, but a seer. It was Mill whom he despised that could make his "Liberty" into a design as beautiful as a cunning problem in mathematics. To Carlyle, Mazzini's theories were but "rosewater imbecilities."

The thing which this seer missed was the thought-creation under the shows. He was a power because he was so thorough a Briton. And a Briton is never satisfied except when he has some job in hand, though he can't be bothered to stop and inquire as to the ultimate purpose of that job. He may be an empire-builder, a committee man, or a tradesman, but, whatever he is, to him the command "Get on with it" comes with the swing of an instinct. With pious prayers he joins in the slave trade, or, in our days, murders by blockade, though when in Cologne he will share his rations joyfully with Fritz's babies. A wonderful race and difficult for foreigners to understand. To this Englishman Carlyle says: if you have the might to carve a deed, it is God's sign upon you, for upon you is laid the burden of bringing things, especially human things, up to standard. The most urgent part of the White Man's burden is to nip and prune in the human garden, doing it all in the name of the God of law. Flog niggers judiciously and use the penal code to remove those retrograde beings, the criminals. And so preaching, Carlyle, a true Briton, goes out to buy that birthday present for his Goody that was never once forgotten, or to stroke Tib, the cat, and smoke a pipe with his dearly loved mother.

Only Bunyan could have painted this man. Froude, with his handy foot-rule, is a ludicrous spectacle. For Carlyle was a being crucified on the rood-tree of his body and mind, a soul dammed back from the action that might have brought him health. Yet he held firmly to his cross, seeing and hearing the things past and present that he hated, the things to come that he feared. And this tortured spirit, filled from top to toe with the nerve-sting of a god's insight, was expected to live kindly with Jane Welsh, who through him had missed everything she valued—ease, society, adoration, and self-expression. But no woman of to-day could pity Carlyle's Goody. Did he not write before marriage:—

"It is the nature of a man, if he is controlled by anything but his own reason, that he feels himself degraded and incited—to rebellion and discord. It is the nature of a woman again (for she is entirely passive, not active) to cling to the man for support and direction, to comply with his humors and feel pleasure in doing so, simply because they are his."

Any woman who married after that knew what she had to expect. Yet the women of to-day, again, cannot be just to her; they are bound to ask why she didn't find her own trade and make her own career, instead of philosophizing about the washing and bread-making. She would have been better employed in cutting off his porridge and stopping those stouppull of castor-oil with which he fought, so mistakenly, the rat that gnawed incessantly at the pit of his stomach. Of all regimens the maddest!

Tortured beings, yet not without joy in the adders' stings which both could ply. See the immortal picture of Wordsworth munching raisins and finding no poet in the world so great as himself, see Macaulay, "unhappily without divine idea," or Scott, the grand restaurant-keeper of Europe. Only two friends survived the adders' stings, Emerson and Goethe, but one was in America and the other in Germany, far away from that "dropping in" which upset the precarious calm of the Carlyle ménage.

Carlyle is an extraordinary instance of the Time Spirit wrapping a great man round in the disabilities of his age. He knew that if he threw a stone he altered the poise of gravity: he knew that a man's value in the sum of things is immense. What he did not see, because of his century, was that the equality which the Revolution signified by the



pathetic *Citoyen, Citoyenne*, was a value which dwells within and which cannot be estimated either by deed or position. Form ruled, and when thought began to lead inward Carlyle shrank back. At times he could not even bear to contemplate the visible world, so great were the possibilities of horror it might mask. "Look up there," said Leigh Hunt, pointing to the starry skies, "look at that glorious harmony that sings with infinite voices an eternal song of hope in the soul of man."

"Eh, it's a sair sicht," said the man who had been tortured by the tiny atom of the universe which he knew.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

#### A CHILDHOOD IN COCKAYNE.

"A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago." By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. (Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.)

EVERYONE knows that poem of Browning's, "A Toccata of Galuppi's." It disposes, by the way, of the theory that Browning is harsh and unmusical; almost beyond any poem it is sheer music. A great poet, of course, is only harsh and unmusical if he chooses to be so, if he gets his effects that way.

"In you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings;

What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the Kings,

Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings."

"Where St. Mark's is"—what a masterly way of describing Venice! It is the privilege of a great poet to write like this—he just says things. He sketches his picture with a few careless, certain strokes, and the whole scene is before you. For the sympathetic intelligence indeed the Past may be evoked by very simple means. Nothing can be more artless than Miss Sedgwick's narration. It is "a little sheaf of memories put together from many talks in her own tongue with an old French friend." Yet she works the wonder as Galuppi did with his toccatas. Why should they have been there, those good-humored ladies, in eighteenth century Venice, and why are they gone? So too, they lived thus in Brittany eighty years ago. Why should all these people have been there just then in Brittany, the priests with their breviaries, the old ladies at their spinning wheels? The illustrations in Miss Sedgwick's book assist the working of the charm. Why, for instance, should M. le Curé, a portly figure with umbrella, snuff-box, and soutane, have been gossiping with those two white-coiffed women of Quimper in that shady, blossoming nook of the old town, on that particular morning of some particular year of the early nineteenth century?

Such inquiries are vain. But one cannot help thinking that to have lived in Brittany eighty years ago, and especially to have spent one's childhood there, was to have occupied a very fortunate moment in time and space. The old lady, whose memories these are, was no doubt an aristocrat of aristocrats, and was surrounded with the most spacious advantages of dignity and wealth. But, for my own part, I can never resist the impression that the subordinate figures who filled up the picture enclosed by the majestic frame of the old *régime*, were, apart from horrible accidents and exceptions, very happy people. The folk songs and carols they made bear witness to this. Arthur Young saw the peasants everywhere singing and dancing on the village greens as he went about France before the Revolution. Let me be quite fair and admit that in Miss Sedgwick's book there are disquieting hints here and there, darker shades in the delightful picture, acts of "cruel severity," presumably to peasants or servants, on the part of the old lady's grandfather, a most munificent and courtly old gentleman, M. de Rosval; the requirement, abolished by her father, that the peasants should kneel before their masters, and especially some stories of the hardness of the peasants themselves to the old and sick. But the whole impression one gets is extraordinarily pleasant. The old *régime* was dead as a tyranny; indeed, the old world was gone altogether, but it had, as it were, projected a lovely mirage of itself that hung long in mid-air before it vanished away. I suspect the date of its final disappearance will be found to be 1914.

But the years, say, from 1830 to 1870 must in Brittany have been a very felicitous time to have lived through. The great wars were over; the people of Europe were recovering the sanity natural to unperverted man. The evil days of imperialism had not yet dawned, the old icebergs were disappearing in a warm current of liberal and humane ideas. It was, moreover, a time of incredible plenty—"incredible" is the word the narrator uses, and her descriptions sound incredible indeed in the meagre starveling time to which we have been brought by imperialism and war. The Brittany of those days was a true *Cuccagna*, the *pays de Cocagne*, that paradise of food and drink which floated before the imagination of the hungry Middle Ages, and for which there is a word in every European language. "The land o' cakes," I surmise, was a Scottish version of it; the old English form was "the land of Cockayne." By the way, is this the derivation of our "cockney"—a native of that land of riches and abundance the countryman would imagine London to be? But hear the old lady's account of the table kept by Tante Rose, a great figure of her childish days, in her house at Landerneau:—

"Her cuisine was the best I have ever eaten, and oh! the incredible abundance of those days. The great silver soup tureen, big enough for a baby's bath, and so tall that she had to stand up to it, was in front of Aunt Rose, and before she began to ladle out the platefuls with the light, accurate movements of her arms characteristic of her, a servant carefully fastened up her long sleeves *à la pagode*. It was charming to see her serving the soup. . . . An enormous salmon usually occupied the centre of the table, and there were six *entrées*, four *rôties*, two hot and two cold, and various *entremets* and desserts. A favorite *entrée* was a *purée* of pistachio nuts with roasted sheep's tails on silver spits stuck in it. The hot dishes were served on silver heaters filled with glowing charcoal. Between the courses little pots of cream, chocolate, vanilla and coffee were actually passed and actually eaten. Chocolate cream to fill up the gap between woodcock and *foie gras*! Champagne in silver coolers stood at each corner of the table."

"Any bishop who came to Landerneau," we are told, "stayed always with Tante Rose." I should have liked to have stayed with Tante Rose myself.

Nor was this merely the selfish and heartless extravagance of an insolent few, but there was in the Brittany of that time, and indeed largely right up to the war, a very general diffusion of these good things. To quote another of these succulent descriptions (anybody who dislikes reading about food should be warned off this book), here is the account of the *déjeuner* at a very rustic, unpretentious inn:—

"The inn at Quimperlé was very primitive, the thatch showing through the rafters in the immense kitchen dining-room. We all sat down together at the long table, servants, coachman, postilion, and all, and the *déjeuner* served to us by the good landlady was fit to set before a king. I remember Maman asking her why she served the salmon and afterwards a heaping golden mound of fried potatoes on a great plank, and the landlady saying she had no dishes large enough. There was a turkey, too, stuffed with chestnuts, and, of course, *crêpes* and cream."

The commercial travellers in the next room greeted each course as it appeared with hurrahs of joy. In those days the eggs and butter and cream of the country did not all go away to big towns; the people ate the fish of their own rivers, the game of their woods. The old world triumphed in the quantity and quality of its food, and apparently in the good humor and cheerfulness of those whose lot it was to prepare it.

This last meal was on the journey which took the little girl to Paris, away from childhood and Brittany. One of her most cherished recollections of Brittany was of seeing the Pardon of Le Folgoët:—

"Seventy-five years or more have passed since that day, and it still lives in my mind with a beauty more than splendid, a divine beauty. In the vast plain, under the vast blue sky, six bishops glittering with gold and precious stones celebrated mass simultaneously at six great altars amid thousands of worshippers. It was a sea of color under the August sun, and the white coiffes of the women were like flocks of snowy doves."

I myself saw the Pardon of Le Folgoët in the year 1908, and it was even then the most unforgettable sight it has ever been given my eyes to behold. The old lady is wrong, however, in saying it is held on August 15th, the day of the Assumption; it takes place every year on the Nativity of Our Lady, September 8th. In 1908 it fell on a Sunday, a day of dazzling gold and blue. It may not be

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without interest to set down here the names of the chief Breton Pardons and their dates. They are St. Yves, at Le Minihy on May 19th; Nôtre Dame de Rumengol, at the beginning of June; St. Jean du Doigt, at Plougarnou on June 24th; La Troménie de St. Ronan, at Locronan on the second Sunday in July; Ste. Anne de la Palude on July 26th, and Nôtre Dame du Folgoët on September 8th. What will be the effect of the war on the Pardons? Will they survive it? I greatly fear for them.

"Brittany" and "childhood" seem kindred terms. Brittany indeed is a child among lands, naive, simple, sincere, artless, perhaps, as we have seen, a little greedy. Max Elscamp, the Flemish poet, seems to have felt this when he wrote:—

"I put all my trust in you  
As they in Brittany and childhood do."

This book of childhood is full of the most charming characters, children in heart themselves, or, at any rate, people out of fairy tales or children's books. There was *bonne maman* who never went out except on Easter Day, when she was carried to the cathedral of Quimper in a sedan chair painted with bunches of flowers and upholstered in copper-colored satin, by four bearers in full Breton costume. There was the "Tante Rose," of whom we have already heard, who, dressed in a morning gown of puce-colored silk, used to distribute milk for the poor of Landerneau:—

"This is for Yann. This is for Hervé (an old cripple). Did this milk come from the yellow? It is sure then to be very good; take it to the Hospital, and—wait! This little jug of cream to the Supérieure—she is so fond of it. And, Laic, this large jar is for the prison."

There were, again, the *Demoiselles de Coatnamprun*, two old maiden ladies in very modest circumstances, who "in all their lives had never had an evil thought, who were incapable of any form of envy or malice or uncharitableness, filled with delight at any good fortune that came to others and with gratitude for their own lot," and who were of such extreme simplicity that to the end of their days they believed that the Infant Jesus Himself came down the chimney and left their Christmas presents for them. But the most delightful figure in the book is that of the narrator's father, of whom the old lady has the fondest memories. He was a wealthy member of the *bourgeoisie*, who had married a lady of the *noblesse* when the gulf between the two classes was "almost impassable," a master of hounds, a lover of sport, of music, of all old things, and yet a Liberal, and a most humane and tender-hearted man. He used to carry his little daughter up and down and sing old Breton songs to her. One of these is thus translated: "May Jesus be happy and may He make us all happy by His grace." This seems a genuine bit of popular religion. It is surely very profound. The theological phrase "the glory of God" in itself and in its true meaning is good, of course; but one knows the use that it has been so often put to. In comparison with this little song it seems harsh and sterile.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

'The Management of English Woodlands.' By W. F. BEDDOES. (Simpkin, Marshall. 7s. 6d.)

A simply-written guide to forestry explaining where and how to plant, soil preparation, cultivation, the trees to select (Mr. Beddoes proves that for profit by sale of mature timber the planter should rely chiefly on larch, ash, and oak), finance, methods of measurement, &c. The author's aim being the honest one of exposition for practical purposes, his book will not excite ambitions to get rich quickly. Profits from tree planting are for a distant future. The oak planter is not likely to last out the century his trees will take no mature. Mr. Beddoes shows that timber-planting, "with the best fortune," can produce only a low interest, but he argues that woodlands are a convenient form of accumulation, and that they provide a useful means for the investment of small sums which might otherwise be wasted. It is as a form of accumulative wealth that planting is recommended.

## The Week in the City.

### MONEY IN 1919.

THE most striking event of 1919 in the Money Market was the raising of the Bank rate from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. on November 6th—an event which I have recently explained and discussed at some length on this page. But there were other features of no small interest in a year that was by no means uneventful. On January 8th the special rate of 4½ per cent. for foreign money was discontinued in the case of French, Italian, and Belgian deposits, the obvious reason for this step being that the special rate tended to aggravate the exchange depreciation of these countries' currency. On March 21st the American exchange was "un-pegged," that is, artificial support was withdrawn. A week later the export of gold was prohibited. Money was usually fairly plentiful in the early part of the year, except for short periods at the end of January and in the middle of February, when the market had recourse to the Bank. The Treasury Bill rate was 3½ per cent. until the sale was temporarily suspended at the end of May in view of the approaching issue of the Funding Loan. Considerable monetary stringency was caused by the Loan subscriptions, and after the lists had been closed the issue of Treasury Bills was resumed, the rates offered being 3½ per cent. for two months, 3½ per cent. for three months, and 4 per cent. for six months bills. Further periods of stringency occurred in mid-August and early September. On October 6th Treasury Bill rates were raised to 5 per cent. for six months, and 4½ per cent. for three months. Comparative daily averages for Bank rate, market rate, and deposit rate in the past three years are shown as follows:—

	Bank Rate.		Deposit Rate.		Market Rate. 3 Months Bills.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
1917	5	3 0	4	0 0	4	16 2
1918	5	0 0	3	1 3	3	11 9
1919	5	3 0	5	3 11	3	19 0

Money has recently been plentiful. With the turn of the year a certain stringency may normally be expected. There is little disposition now to expect that any necessity will arise for a further raising of the Bank rate in the near future—an event that was feared in some quarters a little while back.

### THE YEAR'S NEW CAPITAL.

New capital raised in London has amounted in 1919 to roughly £1,130½ millions. This ranks as third highest after £1,394 millions in 1918, and £1,318½ millions in 1917. In the two last-named years practically the whole amount was absorbed by the Government for financing the war. To this year's total, however, private enterprise once more makes a handsome contribution. The outstanding issue of the year was, of course, that of the British Government Funding Loan and Victory Bonds in June, to which a total of £474,100,600 was subscribed. During the whole year total Government borrowings (exclusive of Treasury Bills and temporary borrowings) was about £822½ millions—other borrowers accounting for £297½ millions. After the raising of the Treasury in April prospectuses began shyly to appear, but it was not until after the railway strike that the new issue flood began in earnest. Non-Government borrowers raised almost exactly £100 millions in the first nine months, and about £108 millions in the last quarter alone. In the last quarter Banks and Insurance companies raised £108 millions (reinsurance flotations being a feature); oil companies, £128 millions; Colonial Governments, £8 millions; manufacturing concerns, £75 millions; iron, coal and steel, &c., companies, £79 millions; stores and trading concerns, £4 millions; mines, £42 millions; motor concerns, £82 millions; electric light and power companies, £64 millions. Thus considerable strides have been made towards making up the five years of arrears in financing British industry and trade. But there is still a tremendous unsatisfied demand for financial accommodation, and given a continuance of suitable circumstances, I expect the flood of new issues to be resumed after the Christmas rest. Next year promises to be a busy period in the new capital market. But before the year is three months old private flotations will have a severe competitor, probably, in the shape of a big French loan, while another British Funding Loan, though not in immediate prospect, is a contingency to keep in mind.

L. J. R.



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